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THE ROYAL YACHT:

—OR—

LOGAN THE WARLOCK.

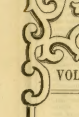
A Revolutionary Romance of Sea and Land Adventure.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLOW IS STRUCK.



IT was not far from two o'clock when the Yankee boats started away from the yacht, and it was yet very dark, so dark that countenances could not be distinguished from one side of the boat to the other. Mr. Elliott had command of the pinnace, and Hoyt had com-

mand of the first cutter, while Caleb Wales was in the second cutter with the captain. Mr. Morris had been left in charge of the yacht. It had been difficult to find one who were willing to remain inactive behind, and it was only by getting them to understand the importanceness of the necessity, that those two could be found at all. But this was far from displeasing to Edward. He liked it, for it gave him new proof of the value of the men who served under him, and it gave him to know upon what he might depend when the case of emergency came. In short our youthful hero had everything connected with his official station calculated to cheer him on, and he felt strong and confident.

Caleb Wales steered the boat out of the little bay, and he was guided by the phosphorescent rust which he could just distinguish as it broke about the rocks. The other two boats kept close upon either quarter of the second cutter, and in this way they at length passed the high promontory, and in a few minutes more they had reached a point which commanded a view both up and down the sound.

"Now what do you mean to do?" asked Caleb, as he paused around into the darkness.

"We must lean up the sloop's light," replied the captain, as he, too, gazed around. "Of course she will have a light hoisted."

"I should suppose she would," resumed Caleb. "Of course she wouldn't have fire of her boats off an' no light t'usted."

"Hallo," cried Elliott, from the pinnace.

"Well," returned Edward, looking around, and being just able to distinguish the dusky outlines of the men in the boat near him.

"Don't you think it likely that the sloop is off here in the westward?" asked Elliott. "She's so thick and hazy that I don't imagine we can make out her light more'n a mile off at the farthest."

"I guess we'll pull that way, at any rate," responded Edward. "Lay to your oars, my men, but don't pull too hard, for you'll want your wind when we find the sloop. Then—steady, so, Caleb."

The wind, which still set off from the shore, was not very fresh, and the sea, so near under the lee of the land, was comparatively smooth, so the rowing of the boats was an easy matter, and more especially, as Edward gave orders that the oarsmen should be relieved every ten minutes. He did this that his men might be all fresh and strong when needed for more important work.

In ten minutes from the time that the boats had been kept away to the westward, Edward's quick eye detected the faint glimmering of a light ahead, and he pointed it out to those behind him.

"It's the sloop !" uttered Caleb, whom nerves were already beginning to work with impatience. "Ah, an' there's another light lower down. Don't you see it? She sint more'n half a mile off."

Edward saw the second light to which his gunner had alluded, and he supposed it must be at the peak, while the first one was at the mast-head. At all events, there existed little doubt in the minds of the men that they had found the enemy; but if any such doubts did exist they were soon dispelled, for ere many minutes the light of the dark lanterns could be seen shining out through the ports; and it was evident that the ship could not be more than a quarter of a mile off. Edward gave orders for the boats to stop.

"Now, my men," said he, as the other two boats drew up alongside of his own, "we are upon the enemy, and we must be careful. If we are judicious, I feel sure that we shall own that ship in less than an hour. The Englishman will of course suppose that some of his own boats are returning; at least, that will be his first impression, and we must keep up the deception as long as possible. I think I can distinguish the voice of the officer who led the enemy against us, for I should recognize him when he sounded the oxen. The sloop must be standing now with her larboard side towards us, though I think her head quarters this way. You, Elliott, will make for the main chains—you, Hoyt, for the fore chains; while I take to the mizzen. Now be careful, every man, and make no mis-movement. Pistols first, mind, and cutlasses afterwards, if there is resistance. Give way, now."

In five minutes more the boats had come near enough for our hero to see that the ship had her starboard tacks aboard, and that the mainsail was to the mast. That was as he had thought.

"Boats ahoy!" came from the deck of the ship; and sure men could see the lanterns moving to and fro.

"Ay, sir," returned Edward, assuming as nearly as possible the voice of the defunct lieutenant, and Caleb whispered to him that he succeeded to a charm.

"Who's that?" came from the ship.

"Aleshore?" returned Edward, for that was the name of the officer as he had learned it from his prisoner.

"Where's the rest of you?"

"Left them in charge of the yacht."

"Then you've captured her!"

"Ay, sir."

"My Jemmy, he don't suspect!" uttered Caleb, as he gave the tiller a brace to starboard so as to allow the pinnace to shoot by him.

"Lay to, now, and grapple the chains as quickly as possible!" ordered Edward, in quick, low tones. "Be sure and catch a secure turn with your painters, for we mustn't lose our boats —— Now!"

There was an exclamation of astonishment on board the ship as the three boats separated, and this exclamation brought the ship's men to the ports where they came to see what was going on. A number of lanterns were put over the side, but they did not give light sufficient to distinguish the countenances of the boatmen, though they did throw light enough to reveal a little of the mystery, for the English commander no sooner caught a glance at the pinnace, which was already under the main chains, than he yelled out at the top of his voice:

"Boarders in the quarter! Arm! arm! The cursed Yankee rebels are upon us! By Saint George, these are none of our boats. Fikes ! pikes! Give me the pikes, and don't let a man of them board us."

Nearly all the men who had been aft on board the ship were now on deck, and they at once sprang for the pikes, but they were still and uncertain in their movements, and on they would fully comprehend the nature of the danger that threatened them, the Americans had begun to pour in over the netting. There was some desperate resistance, but the half-blinded pikemen were shot down with unerring aim, and by the time our heroes had fairly gained the deck, the opposition had mostly ceased. Pikes were not the things for a hand-to-hand conflict, and the surprised Englishmen had little or no chance to get their other weapons.

A brave man can be brought to that position where he must surrender without striking a blow, and the ship's crew, though brave men of course, were forced to surrender now. The muzzles of an enemy's pistols were at their heads, and they were literally without arms. Some few of them managed to secure their cutlasses, but they were soon disarmed. They were driven in a confused body to the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and are long they cried for quarter.

Thus was the prize gained with the loss of but little blood. Ten of the enemy only had been slain, and they had been shot while attempting to repel the boarders, while the American had lost a man, and only three or four of them had been wounded by the pikes. Edward at once sought the commander of the ship.

"I will take your sword," he said, with a polite bow.

"I should like to understand what this means," faltered the Englishman, as he hesitatingly gave up his weapon.

"Why, sir," replied our hero, "it simply means that you had undertaken a task which you could not carry out. You attempted to capture my yacht, but instead thereof you have got captured yourself."

"And my men who went in the boats—" uttered the commander; "what has become of them?"

"Thirteen of them, sir, are prisoners on board my vessel."

"And the rest?"

"Dead!"

"Just Heaven!" ejaculated the horror-struck man, recoiling from his captor. "Over a hundred of my brave men gone!"

"It is but the fortune of war, sir," said Edward. "You know very well for what purpose your ship is hovering about our coasts. You came to slay and help enslave my countrymen, and now you must not be astounded that the force god has been wound has turned against you. I am sorry, sir, that in my own defence it became necessary to destroy so much of life, but it cannot now be helped. You know best whether your men have died in a just cause. But enough of this at present. You shall be well cared for, sir."

With these words Edward turned away to attend to the securing of the prisoners, but he found that Elliott and Wales had already obtained the ship's irons, and that they were busy in putting the men in them. After this was accomplished the deck was cleared up, and by that time the first gray streaks of dawn were visible in the east, and when the sun arose the wind lulled for a while, and then came out from the northward and eastward. This was most favorable for Edward, and he at once took advantage of it by filling away for the bay.

It was a strange sight to see the English sloop-of-war sailing into Morgan's Bay with the Yankee flag flying at her peak, and the meteor flag of Britain waving from the fly. It was a fact that made old David dance with joyful pride, and which added fresh gladdening ideas from an hundred patriots who had congregated upon the shore to see it.

Not at once sent all his prisoners off to White Plains, and at the same time sent word to Washington that he had another prize at his service. The general came down with a large body of men, and measure were at once taken for moving all the ship's stores to the shore, and from thence to the American camp. It was a most fortunate thing for the patriot army, for the quantity of powder and other ammunition on board the ship was large, and Washington could only press the young hero warmly by the hand and promise him that his country should bless him.

It was near midnight when the last article of stores was landed, and then Edward took it as a consolation with the general as to what should be done with the ship. It was not deemed safe to attempt to get her out of the creek, nor was it thought advisable to let her remain in the bay, as she would most likely fall into the enemy's hands. Her sails were accordingly all stripped off and stowed away in Morgan's dwelling, and on the next morning she was towed out from the bay into deep water, and there scuttled. The diamanted ship looked forlorn enough when she was thus left alone, but she soon managed to hide her shame. Slowly the water gathered up about her waist, and the waves began to leap over the open ports. She heaved to the relentless element—then struggled a moment, as though clinging to the last scrap of hope—and with that struggle all was over. She sank from the sight of her captors with a deep groan from her wrenching timbers, and when the rolling waves closed over her last resting-place there was no trace left to tell where was she went.

"That's one ship the less for England, and one step more for liberty," said Caleb. He spoke in a serious tone, for the sight had moved him deeply.

"Yes," returned Edward, with a look of more than usual seriousness, "so it is, Caleb." And then he added, while a moisture grew bright in his eye, "But I do not find pleasure in such scenes as these. I feel a holy pride in knowing that I have but done my duty to our suffering country, but I should be happier if such scenes were not the necessary result."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXECUTIONER.

It was early one morning, about a week subsequent to the capture of the sloop-of-war, that Logan arose from his seat at David Morgan's breakfast table and went to the little window that looked out upon the wood. He had been very thoughtful all the morning, and it was evident that some deep purpose was moving within his mind. For some days back he had been more moody than usual, and many a question had he been asked to which he had returned no answer.

"Are you going to leave me?" asked David, as he noticed that his guest had taken his cap.

"For a while," returned Logan. He stopped about midway of the room and looked down upon the floor, and then he added: "I am going to Barry Garland's. If young Edgerly comes here, tell him that I must see him before he leaves the bay again. Tell him I will meet him here to-morrow evening."

"Of course I will, Logan. And I hope you'll have some cheering news for him. My soul, it is too bad to see such a noble young fellow suffer so much."

"And do you think he suffers much, then ?" said Logan, with a shade of interest upon his countenance.

"Suffers much !" repeated David, as though he would take time to search for some mode of expression strong enough to convey the full force of his ideas. "Let me tell you that mortals can't suffer more. Why, only last night he was here, and without thinking, I spoke of Kate Garland. My soul! Why, the great big man stood down in his chocks, and he groaned as though his heart was broken. It's too bad. I swear, that heroest ought to be kicked out o' the country. I tell ye, he's no business with our little Kate."

"Perhaps he has not," answered Logan. "But, yes, as far as right is concerned, I don't know but that he has as much of that as any one. But never mind that now. If Edgerly comes in again, you may tell him what I have said."

As the Warlock thus spoke he turned and left the house. He stopped a moment to look upon the beautiful yacht that lay anchored in the bay, and then he moved slowly on towards the path that led up the river's bank. He mustered half formed sentences to himself as he walked along, and sometimes he fairly stopped with the weight of thought that was upon him. In this way he at he moved on until he reached the open space by the Garland dwelling, where he had met Captain Edgerly a week previous, and here he stopped and sat down upon a log. He was somewhat tired, but if a close observer had been asked why he thus stopped, he would have judged that it was more for the purpose of arranging some plan of action, than for mere physical rest. He had sat there some minutes, with his brow resting upon the hand of his own staff, when he heard the sound of a step behind him, and before he could rise there was a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder.

"Now, my good Master Logan, you're my property," hissed a well-known voice.

The man named said not who Mark Mallon, and he knew that the stout tory had some deadly purpose.

"Ah, my old man," resumed Mallon, "you've got to render an account of yourself. I know ye, you gray-headed rebel."

"You no right there, old man, unless, indeed, you have faith in going to paradise as soon as you can," said Logan, turning his head so that he can accost to the regions of celestial glory will be very speedy."

The old tory finished this meaning speech, he called Mallon one side, and the two conversed together in private. Logan well knew that their conversation was all for his benefit, and slyer in divining its import. In a few minutes the officer again moved towards him.

"Now, my man," he said, with something of solemnity in his tone, "you are condemned to die! In four days from this our whole company will be assembled here, and at that time you will meet your fate. You will be hung as a spy!"

Logan spoke not a word in reply, for he knew that it would be of no use. Some of the tories were for putting him to death at once, but the leader had cried down that idea, and the whole company should be present at such an execution, and so they all finally agreed to the arrangement. After this the old man was conveyed to the lodge, where he found a sort of natural dungeon in which he was to be confined. The lodge was built against the side of a huge rock, and beneath this rock there was a small cave capable of holding some dozen men. The prisoner's hands and feet were both securely lashed, and then he was thrust into this place, there to remain until he was called for.

Over Logan's head the hours rolled slowly and heavily. He was fed twice a day by a negro

In a moment the old man's pistol was taken from him, and he was raised to his feet. He saw that he had now four stout men to deal with, and he knew them, too, for tories—the same who had escaped from the American soldiers. His heart sank within him, for he knew that all hopes of escape were now cut off.

"What do you mean to do with me?" he asked.

"Do with you? *Hang ye!*" was the growl of Mallon. "By the holy pocket, old man, your neck aint worth the salt 'twould take to put it in pickle. Come, boys, out with your lackin's, an' we'll have 'im fast."

Logan was not the man to waste his strength and breath in useless struggles and imploring, for he saw at a glance that any such course would be utterly hopeless; so he quietly resolved to submit, and keep his eyes open for the first opportunity of escape that might offer itself. But, in truth, his case was one without much hope, for he knew the character of his captors, and he knew, too, the cause of enmity they had against him. He allowed his hands to be tied behind him, and then he was led to the eastward, Mark Mallon walking by his side, while the others kept behind. In this way the party moved on until they reached a thickly-wooded valley through which quite a stream of water made its way, and after following a tortuous path that led around among high rocks and thick underbrush, and some of the time in the water, they came to a rough ledge formed of rudely fashioned stakes and boughs. Here there were several men assembled, and one of them was the commissary-sergeant of a British officer. The party within the ledge started to their feet and seized their deadliest weapons as they heard the approach of the new-comers, but as soon as they recognized them the officer stepped forth to meet them.

"Ah, Mallon, what have we here?" he uttered, as soon as he noticed the prisoner.

"It's the old rebel that betrayed our western company," returned Mallon, at the same time pushing the Warlock forward.

"Eh?" groaned the Englishman, casting upon Logan a look of deadly wrath. "So you've got him?"

"Yes, sir," we'll make 'im feel our sentiments on this subject, too," added Mallon, with a malicious grin, and many heard the speaker.

"Old man," said the officer, after having regarded the prisoner for some moments; "you, then, are the man who betrayed our friends into the hands of the enemy?"

Logan raised his eyes from the ground and returned the look of his interrogator. There was a fierce fire in his sharp, gray eye, and from the expression of his countenance it would be at once judged that he was keeping back words that had arisen to his tongue.

"I am the man who made an effort to sweep a nest of traitors from the country," he at length replied. "I found a band of men who had conspired together to sell the liberties of their people, and I pointed them out to justice."

"Yes—yes, of course," muttered the Englishman, ironically. "But I am sorry that it is not in our power to look upon this matter in the same light that you do. Now what do you suppose we think of doing with you?"

"I know not," returned Logan, while a slight tremulousness was manifest. "But if I might judge from the general character of your party I should suppose that my case was not a very promising one."

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who was attached to the notice, and that was the only communication he held with any of the party, but yet he often heard what was going on in the lodge. He learned by the casual remarks he overheard that the Englishman was a captain of infantry, and that he was now on a recruiting expedition. He also learned that over one hundred men had been obtained in that vicinity to join the royal army.

The morning of the fourth day at length dawned, and Logan knew that the preparations were being made for his examination. He heard the word passed for the guard to be relieved, and knew by the hum of voices without that the torches were beginning to assemble. He had not given up all hopes of escape, and he had resolved to die without showing to his captors that they had the power to make him afraid. One thing alone occurred to bear heavily upon his mind, and that was the unfinished mission to Barry Garland's; he longed to overcome that difficulty, even though he could not save himself.

It was past the middle of the forenoon when two men came into the lodge and released the prisoner. It was with difficulty that he walked, for his limbs were still from long confinement in one position, but he was assisted on his way, and when he reached the space in front of the lodge he found some forty men there assembled, and at a short distance off he saw a rope dangling from the lower limb of a stout oak tree! When he saw this fatal emblem he was startled with a shudder, but he quickly overcame it, and when the English captain addressed him he was calm and unmoved.

"Now, old man," the officer said, "you have been tame. You of course know why you are to be here."

"I know it very well," replied Logan. "But before I die I have one favor to ask."

"Be careful that you do not ask too much, for I would like to please a dying man."

"It is but little that I would ask. You know where Captain Barry Garland lives—in the large mansion upon Morgan's River?"

"Mr. Mallon probably knows."

"Sartin I do," responded Mallon, edging up to the spot.

"Well, sir," resumed Logan, "I wish to send a line to Barry Garland. Let me have a pencil and paper."

"No, no—that will hardly do. We don't wish to run any more risk on your account."

"But you shall see what I write, sir. You shall read every word. General, you will grant this, I beg of you?"

The officer pondered upon the subject for a few moments, and then conversed apart with Mallon.

"No," he said, on his return, "we will not trust you to write anything, for we know not what hidden intelligence you may embody in apparently harmless words. But as a special privilege we will grant you. You may give the friend to Mr. Mallon by word of mouth, and he will convey it to Captain Garland in such a language as he can fit. You may do that if you please."

Logan saw that it was his only chance, and of course he accepted the offer. He drew Mallon off from the rest of the men, and then whispered the message he would have delivered. The man started as he heard the words which the Warlock spoke, but he asked no questions, only he promised that he would set that Garland received the intelligence.

"They will call on Captain Garland as soon as possible!" said Logan.

"I will see that he knows what you have told me," returned Mark Mallon, as he led the prisoner back to the officer, "so give yourself no more uneasiness on that account."

"Now, my men," said the Englishman, "you shall witness the fate which shall surely fall to the lot of all traitors and spies. If I am not much mistaken there is a traitor at large; but he shall not escape us if reason be proved against him."

The men started at this announcement, but ere any of them could ask any questions their leader made a significant motion towards the oak tree. The sign was understood, and without a word the Warlock was led towards the spot.

"You are very pale," said the Englishman.

"I have done that already, sir," was Logan's reply.

"Then your time is up." And as a given signal the guard gathered about the old man, and having lashed his ankles once more together they slipped the rope over his neck.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN IMPORTANT TERMINATION.

Edward Engwell was sweating orders from the American commander-in-chief. He had received a message notifying him that his assistance might be wanted, and at the same time requesting him to advise with the senate in the hall if it could be done with safety. Lookouts were kept stationed on the outer bluff of the pronounced watch for approaching danger, and all other means that lay at hand were adopted against surprise. For some days Edward had been mostly and unhappy. He had received the message from Logan, but Logan had not met him according to appointment. That the old man had something of importance to communicate, he had no doubt, and his mind was on the rack to know what had become of him. But another cause for unhappiness had long passed away, and so did the third, and yet no Logan appeared. On the morning of the fourth day he made up his mind that he would seek him at Captain Garland's. He did not start with the idea of seeing Kate, but only to find the Warlock of the elder things were possible.

The day was by heavy upon the grass when the passengers set out from the shore of the bay, and on he left the yacht in charge of Mr. Elliott he rode him where he was going. Edward had a dread purpose in his mind, and he walked rapidly, and by the time the sun had fairly begun to shine down with any degree warmth, he had reached Garland's house. He hesitated a moment at the gate, for until the present time he had not thought of the manner in which he should do his business; but the purpose for which he had stopped there was not accomplished, for ere he could arrange his thoughts they were all put to flight by the appearance of Kate, who at that moment came walking slowly up from the garden. Edward uttered an exclamation as he saw her, and she raised her head. She stopped and instinctively clasped her hands, and in a moment more she flew towards the gate.

"Edward! Edward!" she cried, "you have come to see me once more!"

"Yes, Kate," returned the young man, as he received the beautiful girl upon his bosom. "You must not blame me, for—"

"O, blame you? no," interrupted Kate, while a flood of tears burst from her eyes. "No, I am glad you have come. Let us walk here in the garden."

She spoke in a very strange tone, and as she wiped away the tears her face was very pale. Her hand trembled violently as it rested upon the arm of the youth, and her whole bearing denoted the most intense agitation.

"You are not well, Kate," said Edward, but he only meant to ask a question.

"O, I am quite well, now," she repeated, in a forced whisper, "for I feared I should not see you again."

"Not see me again?" cried the young man. "You did not suppose that I could leave you?"

"No, no—I did not think that—but—O, Edward, you have come to bid me farewell ere you go! Heaven has forgiven me, I know!" she said, impassionately.

The youth was startled by the maiden's manner, and a dreadful fear came upon him.

"What is it?" he asked, seizing her by the hand, and gazing eagerly into her face. "Tell me the whole truth at once. Has your father forced you to renounce me? Tell, me, Kate. Tell me all."

The poor girl stopped beneath a willow that grew by the margin of a little rivulet, and she laid her head upon the bosom of her companion. For some moments she remained thus, and when she again raised her head she was comparatively calm.

"Edward," she said, in a tone of painful cadence, "henceforth you must forget me. Remember me if you can, but only as a dream that is past. We can meet no more on earth."

"*Must*—*never*!" fell gaspingly from the lover's lips. "O, and have you so soon—"

"Do not speak a word that can make me suffer more than is already my lot. O, if you could read my heart I know you would forgive me!"

"*Must no more*!" repeated Edward, as though he would fain make the words bear some different construction. "Kate, you cannot—you cannot! Tell me all."

"I am to be—" She hesitated, and again her head sank forward upon her companion's bosom; but she quickly raised it again, and when she did so, she had summoned more resolution to her command. "I am to be the wife of Sir Walter."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Edward, as he let go the small hand he held, and covered his face. "It is more than I am prepared for!"

"But bear with me, bear with me," cried Kate, clasping her hands supplicatingly together. "O, you cannot read my heart. You cannot know the terrible battle that has raged there."

"Then you love Sir Walter?"

"Do not ask me. Do not—do not! I have thought I loved him—and I have thought that I—I—O, forgive me! I did think I had been very bitter—very wrong—and my father will soon—"

Kate endeavored in vain to finish the sentence, but her feelings overpowered her. She was crushed and heart-broken, and yet she tried to keep up. Edward saw it all—he felt that he suffered, and he had reason enough left to refrain from wounding her more.

"Kate," he said at length, as he once more took her unresisting hand, "I cannot speak now as I wish I could. My cup of life has not—did not make that it should be—but I will not trouble me, and my heart must henceforth be a barren, barning waste. But I forgive you."

He would have added more, but he was interrupted by the sound of quick, heavy footsteps at the gate, and on turning he beheld Caleb Wales hastening towards him.

"Ah, cap'n, I've found ye," uttered the gunner, as he came pulling up.

"Farewell, Edward! God bless you!" So Kate murmured, and then glided quickly away. The young man would have stopped her—he would have spoken one word more.

"Come, cap'n, there's more important business on our hands now," said Caleb, as the maiden hurry. "This must be attended to at some other time."

"Leave me now, Caleb," uttered our hero, hardly realizing what he said.

"Why—what's the matter, cap'n? You don't to desert your men at a time like this, in the nip of a pinch! Come, there's hurry now."

Edward vaguely guessed—for he knew Kate had disappeared, and he a strong effort he called himself back to reason.

"What is it, Caleb? Is there fighting to be done?"

"Ay, that there is. Plenty of it, if I aint much mistaken."

"Then I am with you. Lead the way, and show me where the blow is needed. O, I must find life now!"

"That's the sort," cried the gunner, as he turned towards the road. "By the 'ternal tip of thunder, they'll find the Yankee crew on hand! It's a nest of them pesky, dirty tories he's been scared up, an' General Washington's sent down twenty guns, an' wants you to join 'em an' take command, an' take as many of your own men as you want. We'll hunt 'em up."

It was a fortunate thing for Edward that this chance of excitement had presented itself, for it helped to lighten the blow that must otherwise have crushed him. He had to walk fast to keep up with Caleb, and when he reached the shore of the bay he was well nigh out of breath. He found there the twenty men who had come from White Plains, and there was a lieutenant with them. This latter individual explained to our hero the nature of the expedition upon which they were bound, and to also brought a note from the commander-in-chief, in which Captain Engwell was earnestly requested to furnish as many men as he thought necessary and lead the attack.

It appeared that a young man who had been almost forced to join the tories had made good his escape from them and joined the American army. He had moreover revealed the headquarters of the band, and stated the day on which they were to meet. It was at a place called "*The Hyena's Hole*," from the fact that there was a small cave there in which an old hermit once dwelt.

"I know the place like a book," exclaimed Caleb, "an' I can take a short cut to it, too."

So it was arranged that Caleb should act as guide. Edward mustered fifty of his men, well armed, and having arranged them for the march at once forward. Caleb took the lead, and left the promontory, and then kept along on the shore for the distance of nearly five miles. This brought them on the mouth of a small river, up the west bank of which there was a well-trodden path. After keeping up into the country for about a mile they came upon a spot where three high hills arose on either side of the stream.

"That's the place," said Caleb, pointing to the wooded valley ahead; "and if they're here we'll have 'em."

Edward stopped to give his followers the necessary directions, and then the guide led on again. At a short distance further, they came to a point where the path was forked, and Caleb led the way up through the bushes, over a little knoll to the left, and when he passed this he came in full view of the cave.

"Ha! there they be," he uttered, turning towards Edward. "But—brewsation! what's the matter up to it? Hanged if the arm'd an fire alive!"

Edward saw the scene, and he knew 'twas no time for words. Kate was there—struggling desperately in the strong grasp of a powerful man, who was endeavoring to force her into the cave. The young man shouted, as he sprang forward, and his men followed after him. The struggle was but momentary, for the ruffian who had seized upon the maiden was quickly overpowered. He was bound hand and foot, and then Edward turned to the maiden. She was pale and trembling, but she was calm.

"O, I am glad you have come," she said, as she threw herself into the arms of her lover. "I feared I should not see you again."

"Not see me again!" echoed the young man. "You did not suppose that I could leave you?"

"No, no—I did not think that—but—O, Edward, you have come to bid me farewell ere you go! Heaven has forgiven me, I know!" she said, impassionately.

The youth was startled by the maiden's manner, and a dreadful fear came upon him.

"What is it?" he asked, seizing her by the hand, and gazing eagerly into her face. "Tell me the whole truth at once. Has your father forced you to renounce me? Tell, me, Kate. Tell me all."

The poor girl stopped beneath a willow that grew by the margin of a little rivulet, and she laid her head upon the bosom of her companion. For some moments she remained thus, and when she again raised her head she was comparatively calm.

"Edward," she said, in a tone of painful cadence, "henceforth you must forget me. Remember me if you can, but only as a dream that is past. We can meet no more on earth."

"*Must*—*never*!" fell gaspingly from the lover's lips. "O, and have you so soon—"

"Do not speak a word that can make me suffer more than is already my lot. O, if you could read my heart I know you would forgive me!"

"*Must no more*!" repeated Edward, as though he would fain make the words bear some different construction. "Kate, you cannot—you cannot! Tell me all."

"I am to be—" She hesitated, and again her head sank forward upon her companion's bosom; but she quickly raised it again, and when she did so, she had summoned more resolution to her command. "I am to be the wife of Sir Walter."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Edward, as he let go the small hand he held, and covered his face. "It is more than I am prepared for!"

"But bear with me, bear with me," cried Kate, clasping her hands supplicatingly together. "O, you cannot read my heart. You cannot know the terrible battle that has raged there."

"Then you love Sir Walter?"

"Do not ask me. Do not—do not! I have thought I loved him—and I have thought that I—I—O, forgive me! I did think I had been very bitter—very wrong—and my father will soon—"

Kate endeavored in vain to finish the sentence, but her feelings overpowered her. She was crushed and heart-broken, and yet she tried to keep up. Edward saw it all—he felt that he suffered, and he had reason enough left to refrain from wounding her more.

"Kate," he said at length, as he once more took her unresisting hand, "I cannot speak now as I wish I could. My cup of life has not—did not make that it should be—but I will not trouble me, and my heart must henceforth be a barren, burning waste. But I forgive you."

He would have added more, but he was interrupted by the sound of quick, heavy footsteps at the gate, and on turning he beheld Caleb Wales hastening towards him.

"Ah, cap'n, I've found ye," uttered the gunner, as he came pulling up.

"Farewell, Edward! God bless you!" So Kate murmured, and then glided quickly away. The young man would have stopped her—he would have spoken one word more.

"Come, cap'n, there's more important business on our hands now," said Caleb, as the maiden hurry. "This must be attended to at some other time."

"Leave me now, Caleb," uttered our hero, hardly realizing what he said.

"Why—what's the matter, cap'n? You don't to desert your men at a time like this, in the nip of a pinch! Come, there's hurry now."

Edward vaguely guessed—for he knew Kate had disappeared, and he a strong effort he called himself back to reason.

"What is it, Caleb? Is there fighting to be done?"

"Ay, that there is. Plenty of it, if I aint much mistaken."

"Then I am with you. Lead the way, and show me where the blow is needed. O, I must find life now!"

"That's the sort," cried the gunner, as he turned towards the road. "By the 'ternal tip of thunder, they'll find the Yankee crew on hand! It's a nest of them pesky, dirty tories he's been scared up, an' General Washington's sent down twenty guns, an' wants you to join 'em an' take command, an' take as many of your own men as you want. We'll hunt 'em up."

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THAT OLD FAMILIAR STRAIN.

BY MRS. ANNA M. LOVEE.

Upon mine ear, methinks I hear
That old, familiar strain;
The pleasing sense doth through my heart,
With sweetness thrill again.
I hear it oft in summer eve,
Amid youth's fleeting season,
And oft, mid sere blasting on,
With me, along life's stream.

No blighting sear, the words among,
Was ever seen with me
Than they which discovered my heavy heart,
Upon life's changing sea.
But oh, 'tis true—I hear it now
That old, familiar strain;
Save when the echoes of my heart
Wake it to life again.

A SEA DELIVERANCE.

On the 16th of October (in the present year, 1857), there arrived at New Haven, a sloop of about 50 tons, whereof Mr. William Trowbridge was master. The vessel belonged to the New Haven, the persons on board were seven; and seventeen days' stocks had they now spent since they came from their port, which was Bayal. By so unusually tedious a passage, a terrible famine undoubtedly came upon them; and for the last five weeks of their voyage, they were in despitate need of food, and thought the hardness they would have chosen death rather than life. But they were a people with a pious conscience; and when "those poor men cried unto the Lord he heard them, and delivered them out of their distresses." They attend 'em; and of those they caught still one in every day, which was enough to serve 'em; only on Saturdays they still catched a couple; and that Lord's Days they catched each time a couple. With all possible skill and care they could not preserve themselves with the fish in any other number or order; and with an holy *laud* at last they left off trying to do anything on the Lord's Days when they were so well supplied on Saturday. Thus the Lord kept feeding a company that put their trust in him, as he did his Israel of old. Once, indeed, they were in some danger by the dolphin came to that change of water where they used to leave the vessel. Then they so strangely surrendered themselves, that the company of about twenty-seven of 'em, which one day sufficed them until they came ashore, but also some of 'em were brought ashore dead, as a monument of the Divine benignity.—*Old paper.*

HEROIC WOMAN.

We read in the Courrier de la Drome a very interesting story about a woman who has excited the admiration of Valence. The name of the woman is Hyppon, by birth a Prussian, mother of three children, and the wife of a Polish exile. Driven by necessity and starvation, she disguised herself as a man, under the name of Michel. For five years she worked hard as a "navvy" on the railroad. Attired like a peasant, the young man of about twenty or twenty-two years, she was known to her fellow-workmen as a Pole. Her fellow-laborers had always observed the great delicacy with which she kept herself aloof, and inflicted them until they came ashore, but also some of 'em were brought ashore dead, as a monument of the Divine benignity.—*Old paper.*

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A SAILOR'S WIT.

A sailor-like reply was made by a tar to a passenger who was complaining of the dullness of the voyage. "Why, sir," said the passenger, "I have been on board this vessel a week, and I have not heard a single joke." "Then, sir," replied the tar, "you have been a week in a ship, and have not heard a joke! Why, sir, you have been a week in a ship, and have not heard a joke!"

GETTING MARRIED.

During the last summer, a little incident transpired in one of the eastern towns, which affords some amusement to the spectators on the time, and furnished food for a considerable gossip thereafter. It occurred in church, on one of those quiet afternoons when all the world seems ready to drop asleep; when the flies have lazily on the window panes, and the fog lies on the dozen. The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were awaiting the pronouncing of the benediction, when as the great astonishment and the multitude listened to the announcement that a good parson descended from the pulpit to the dark lobby, and said in a calm, clear voice:

"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position, to catch the first view of the people to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to rise. At length, two worthy clergymen, deeming his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation:

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a palsied sense of the awkwardness of the position was genially spreading among those present, when a young man in the back hall occupied a vacant seat in the broad aisle during the service, started up, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good looking, and well dressed, but no one knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectable distance of the clergymen, he paused, and with a reverence bow, stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said a word nor looked at any one present, and as the idea of being married alone. The clergyman looked anxiously around to see his bride, but she supposed was yet to arrive, and at length reverently and solemnly pronounced in an undertone:

"The lady, sir, is dilatory?"

"Very, sir."

"And we not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not. Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"Me, sir?" said the astonished shepherd, "how should I know? I am a single man myself. That is a matter belonging to yourself."

The two clergymen seem now to realize a chapter in the unpleasant state of expectancy, when the congregation must remain in confusion.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Then, sir," said the elder, "I am sure that for what purpose you title in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the astonished clergyman.

I come, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I thought I could entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."

The bewildered was entreated with a calmness of tone very little in accordance with the twinkling of the facial scarves; and when, after the church was cleared, the sexton told the story to the congregation, more than one girl regretted that she had not risen at the first call, and presented to the young gentleman's, who had really wished to be "united in the holy bonds of matrimony."

—*N. O. Picayune.*

PARLOR PASTIME.

The Game of Shadow Buff—The old English game of blind man's buff is well known, but the more mention of its name will be sufficient to mention our readers that in the game of Shadow Buff, much played on the Continent; the form that is taken by the blind man, and having a prominent place among our family Christmas sports. The game is as follows: Select, as all, we hang up a sheet or tablecloth against the wall, between the light upon one side of the room, and the company and to ten from it, we are to place a lamp or one good light upon the other side, and behind the sheet. A profile of any person standing between the light and sheet will be thrown upon it. The person before him, he must name successively the person to whom the image belongs. Any one to the workmen in the frame merriment, especially if each person whose turn it is to "act the shadow," endeavors in every way to disguise his identity; by stooping if tall, standing on tiptoe if short, by contorting, or putting on a long mask nose, and doing other funny things. However, as some persons are remarkably "cast their shadows before, Buff guesses right in most cases, and the game is kept up with much fun, must take his turn upon the stool, to be made fun of.—*Yankee Blade.*

HOSEA BALLOU.

He left that the world would not release the hardened and rebellious heart is to inundate it with a deluge of love, and to bring it to the cross of Christ. Reason with the sinner; he will mock you with subtle argument; threaten him, and he will laugh you to scorn. But subdue him in earnest he will actually balance present pleasure. He will meet you half-way, and even anticipate your request, while it is cooled by gentleness, as the sun melts the ice. It is the sunshine of the soul, the silence of the winds, and sink with the breeze, and the still, small voice of mighty love, mildness and sensibility. Love, the warm sunshine of our existence, that makes the desert to blossom as the rose; love, that makes the wilderness and the solitary place glad for us; love, that makes the heart and reflection bear it to immortality.—*Universalist Union.*

SUTTLING A BILL.

Four sheep-men have treated themselves to a sumptuous dinner at the Hotel Monteuil, over an hour, and now to settle for it, and on the following plan. They called the waiter forward and asked for the bill. One drawn the board into the pocket, as if to draw his purse; the second prevented him, declaring he would pay; the third declared he was the man to settle; and the waiter taking my money from either of them, put the bill aside. And some words and said: "The best way to decide it is blind-man's buff; the one who can't see will pay." And shall settle the bill." This proposition was accepted, and while the waiter was gone, all four went around the room, they slipped out of the house one after another, and left the bill.

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A few days since, a Dutchman stepped into a bank, and immediately after his entrance pulled forth a big red cotton pocket. This he cast on a look at the cashier, who was seated in the counting room on a mahogany chair, and with a commanding shake of the head, said:

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The cashier informed him that he was in the wrong shop. "You are in a bank, sir, not in a barber shop."

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LITERATURE.

Literature, as a field for glory, is an arena where a crush may be more easily found than bustle; as a means of support, it is the very chance of chances.—*Henry Giles.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO THE RICH OF THE LAND.

BY AMELIA COOKE.

"Help! help! I ask it of ye for them,
And down and the miserist bend:
For sin, I cry, in 'Our Father's' name,
The perishing, young and old."

Now, now is the time to be saving your God,
All who have enough, and to spare,
Remorse to—to profit—to misery, and ye should
Be making the poor your care.
Then have for awhile, your house of pride,
If the snow is falling fast;
An errand of mercy will warm your heart,
Though it borrow the northern blast.

Sound softly forth in this season of need—
Prove worthy of your trust;
And take from your hoard, to the breadless bread,
A tithe of your yellow dust.
It will stay that agonizing wood—
The babe's low, wailing cry;
It turns from its hungry mother's breast
God! the inciest fruit is dry.

Haste! haste! ye rich, for this should be
Sure work to flee and for thing;
Heed not the storm—see the shivering form;
Take succor to those who pine.
Do your nerve give in your house of ease,
A thought to the homeless host?
Nor think of the cries which go up to Him
Like your pampered meals for food?

The half frozen tear on the pale, wan cheek?
The famine-glazen of the eye?
Of the worn and sad, as thinly clad?
O, pass them not by in fear!
Have they who suffer the pangs of want,
In these cold and gleaming days,
Strength to fight the battle of life
With stinted and wasted powers?

Whose portion at best is a scanty one,
But make that little more!
And the great "I Am" will remember them,
Who minister to the poor.
Then leave for awhile your homes of pride,
Though snow-flakes meet your sight,
That God's recording angel may
Write down the deed as white.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

RALPH LEONARD:

OR,

MARION AND HIS MEN.

A TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

BY LIEUT. E. CURTIS BIRD.

Well have the tale and friendly story,
The bond that Mother's love,
The glitter of their eye,
The scampering of their steeds.—Bryant.

During the dark hour of the American Revolution, few men opened more wounds among the ranks of the English soldiery than General Francis Marion. Unlike most of the other officers of note belonging to the continental establishment, who came out, as a British colonel once expressed it, and fought "like Christians and gentlemen in the open field," Marion preferred another course of action. Lying secreted with his men among the swamps and almost impervious forests of the state, he would sally forth by night with his well-tried band, scamper across the moon-lit plains, and making a sudden and unexpected rush upon the enemy, spread confusion and dismay among his ranks.

As the period of which we are writing, there were two parties in the Carolinas, one opposed to the war and loyal to King George, and were known by the title of Tories, the other ready to stake their all upon the great game of independence, and known as Whigs. A feeling of bitterness existed between these parties, and in the breasts of those two parties against each other, and acts of cruelty and wickedness were as common as the withered leaves upon the forest trees in the yellow autumn.

Ralph Leonard, the hero of our tale, was a fine young man of about twenty years, with an easy, dignified carriage, an interesting, intelligent countenance, and a smile as sweet as the dawn was terrible when he was aroused for anger. He belonged to the whig party, and hated the tory party with a bitterness which increased with every act of atrocity on their part, and made him a most formidable enemy to their success. In the early part of this war he had joined the fiery Marion as a private, but his talents were quickly appreciated by the general, and he was taken as his aid with the nominal rank of captain.

Willie Lounsbury was a man of about forty, with coal black hair slightly sprinkled with gray, an erect and martial figure, and a bright keen eye that gave a bold expression to his swarthy features. He was obtained by a large portion of the inhabitants, and thought to be a bad man, and often expressed his contempt for all around him with a bitter sneer. He was indeed a man of awe of him, and he seemed rather to wish to cultivate his feeling than to do away with it by any act of courtesy on his part. He was enabled and churlish to a degree, and used to roam about the fields in a sullen mood, muttering to himself and growling about something or another continually, as though he was discontented with himself and all the world around him. He was unmarried, for his musical habits were not well calculated to win the confidence or affection of any woman, and so he lived on in loneliness upon a small farm left him by a deceased mother, rather shunned and avoided by his neighbors, whom he seemed as anxious to keep at a distance.

In the neighborhood of where young Leonard and Lounsbury resided, there dwelt an opulent planter by the name of Hewitt, who owned a large number of slaves, and had become noted to all the country round by his hospitality and his courteous bearing. Many were the visitors who frequented the colonel's mansion, and at times it seemed more like a large hotel than the dwelling of a quiet country gentleman. Whether the smiles of the planter's daughter had anything to do with drawing thither so many people, I shall leave it for my readers to determine, but I have upon several occasions seen a piece of coal placed within a short distance of a magnet, when it was drawn to it, in spite of itself. I do not say the steel of the human heart is thus drawn by the magnet of female charms into their presence, but like the shrewd Yankee, I may be permitted to pose that it is, and like the Bible-mortan to relate that I'm pretty certain of it.

Mary Hewitt; then west a sweet girl, Mary, with sky bright black eyes, the finely rounded form, and dark brown hair that hung in ringlets round the oval became cheeks! Yes, then was pretty, or else why did so many young men call to inquire after the health of the colonel? Surely they must have felt an unconquerable fear, and set in the old gentleman's welfare, did they not? And why, before the breaking out of the war, did young Ralph Leonard seek to spend so many winter evenings at the mansion? Was it to talk with the colonel about his cotton crop? Ah, Mary, I suspect thou thou hast much to answer for! Those bright black eyes I fear look too deeply into the heart of my young hero, or he would not be thus hanging about thy home, and neglecting the affairs of his own! Ah, Mary, how could you do it?

It was in the beginning of the year 1779, and the war of the revolution was drenching the fields of America in blood, and many of her farmers and her noblest already slept the sleep that knows no waking. In a little lane leading from the mansion of Colonel Hewitt by the light of two young persons might have been seen walking arm in arm towards a noble steed that stood neatly saddled and bridled and hitched to a young poplar which threw its long shadow over the ground. It was about nine o'clock in the evening and the moon was shining very brightly through the crisp wintry air, and its rays fell like showers of liquid silver on the frozen waters of many a glittering stream, and lighted up the countenance of the two individuals as they strolled down the lane. There was something almost angelic in the beauty of the female as those silvery rays fell upon her features, while the face of the man looked sullen and somber.

"And so, Ralph, you have decided to enter the army and join the valiant Marion?" said the lady, when the reader have no difficulty in conjecturing was none other than Mary Hewitt.

"Well, sorry as I am to part with you, I cannot but commend your resolution. The country now requires the service of every arm that can wield a sword or aim a rifle, and dearly as I love you, I cannot let my selfish feelings detain you from the field of glory.

"'On whom glory waits then,
But with him alone then?
O, then, remember me!'

"Ah, can I forget thee, Mary?" But as you say, I must do battle in my bleeding country's cause. The tories are mustering their forces and are committing acts of cruelty and atrocities throughout the State, and last night I heard that that villain Lounsbury had gone off and joined the loyalists. If I ever fall in with that fellow won't I make him smoke?"

"I suppose you didn't know that he was a friend of yours?"

"No! I indeed. I supposed he was callous to female charms."

"It seems you were mistaken then. No longer ago than the night before last, he did me the honor to escort me home, and made an offer of his hand. Heart I suppose he has none to give."

"If he has one it is of steel. But what answer did you make him?"

"O, you know well enough, Ralph! But in my refusal I was as gentle and courteous as I well could be. I did not wish to wound his feelings."

"And he appreciated your delicacy?"

"Indeed he did not. He flew into a violent passion, turned almost black in the face with rage, swore that he would become even sometime or another, and left in a towering passion."

"Mary, that Lounsbury is a dangerous man. He swallows revenge, and will never forget or forgive you to be upon your guard. If he has, as reported, gone off and joined the loyalists, he may have it in his power to do you a lasting injury. You must be upon your guard."

"I shall be watchful, love. But it is getting chilly here, I must go in. Come in the morning, father will be wondering what has become of me. Good night, and may God bless you, and return you in safety to my arms."

The next moment the steed was galloping along the highway, and the lady and her aged father, while the fair young girl hastened back to her father.

No sooner had the spot become silent, than the person of a man was beheld descending the trunk of the large poplar tree under which the lovers had been conversing, and no sooner was he than Willie Lounsbury, and he had been concealed among the branches of the tree, and had overheard every word that passed. A large portion of rifle was hung over his shoulders, in a black leather girdle was stuck a brace of heavy horse-pistols, and at the same time that Ralph mounted the tree, and the moonbeams fell upon his face, there was something diabolical in the workings of his features.

"So, so," muttered he, with an oath, "I have found out the secret for the attention of Mary Hewitt to myself! And he calls me a villain, does he? He'll find that if I have the same I'll have the game as well as he, and with a loud grun Lindsay sank to the earth a corpse."

"Here on my men! rush on, and burst open the house!" cried out the bandit chief of the party, who the day before had been elected the lieutenant of the band, and who now by the fall of Lindsay had become the chief, "rush on!—there's plenty of money and plate in the house—plenty of good liquors,—rush on, my boys!"

And the deadly rifle sent its fatal report upon the stormy night air, but this time it missed its mark. A huge oak by the side of Lounsbury received the shot, and splintered by the shot, but the new leader escaped!

Crowds were now rushing against the door with all their might, but still it did not give way. The old rifle from the upper window was sending forth among the ranks of the tories, whose powder had become wet by the storm so that they could not return the fire. One after another had fallen to the earth, while efforts were being made to stave in the door, and yet it did not give way. The rifle, however, continued to do its work with the most unerring certainty. Every discharge brought down a loyalist, until at length the fire was silenced with them!

At length Lounsbury bethought him of a plan to open the door, and immediately acted upon it. Taking a heavy rail from the fence, he ordered ten men to seize it and use it as a sort of battering ram to burst the door from its hinges. In this he at length succeeded, and the adventurers came pouring into the house, not sorry to escape the terrible rifle of the colonel.

But a still more dangerous enemy now entered. On first entering, Lounsbury had placed a sentinel at the door of Mary's chamber, which was in an upper story, with orders to admit no one save himself, so that she was in a measure out of danger, but every other member of the household, including the old planter himself, who fought desperately to the last, were slain. Even the poor negroes, who had taken no active part in the defence, were bayonetted in cold blood—the monsters spared neither age, sex, nor condition!

It was not long ere Lounsbury entered the apartment of Mary, where he found her sunk in a swoon. Ordering four of his men to take her up and carry her carefully down to the lane, and there await his coming, he repaired to the cellar, where he had been told by some of the negroes some time before the colonel was wont to conceal his treasures. There he found seventeen or fifteen thousand dollars in gold, besides a large quantity of valuable plate, and entrusting the money to one of his men, while the former he secured about his own person, he took his departure, having first caused the building to be set on fire in several places.

It was not many moments before the flames burst forth in every direction, and threw their lurid glare upon the stormy night-air, the crowds of armed tories in the lane, the grand poplar waving its rude arms to and fro as if in distress, the pale features of the unconscious Mary, and the fiend-like face of Lounsbury bending over her, and endeavoring to restore her to sensibility! It was a scene for a painter, and such a scene as was often, often witnessed in those stormy days that "tried men's souls!"

And by the lurid light of that burning mansion did those armed miscreants take their departure, leaving with them many acts of crime. Unsatisfactorily constructed, the pale form of the gentle Mary, who was now restored to consciousness, and who prayed that she would not be parted from her father's side, and that she might be permitted to share the fate of her murdered father. But to this Lounsbury would not consent. He sneered at her last request, and told her in stern fury that she was destined to become the bride of the loyalist leader, and that she ought to consider herself as highly honored by being thus selected from all the world beside. To these remarks, delivered in a tone of bitter irony, the unfortunate girl made no reply, and it was not long ere the tories arrived at their encampment in the midst of the forest. Here Mary was confined in a strong log building which Lounsbury had constructed for that purpose, and where he informed her she would remain until the ensuing Sunday evening, when she was either to wed him voluntarily, or the marriage was to take place without her consent.

But innocence will usually find a friend, even when in its most helpless state. It chanced that the very negro which Lounsbury appointed to attend upon Mary had once belonged to her father, and had received many little proofs from the maiden. This negro expressed to him his sympathy for the misfortunes of his former master, and a desire to serve her. Accordingly when a long letter to Ralph Leonard, detailing the particulars of the outrage, and urging him to hasten to her relief, was duly despatched the faithful negro with it to the camp of Marion. But still she was in a state of constant anxiety, for it should be intercepted or the bearer slain, it reached its destination, and all her hopes be thus dashed to the ground, and at day after day elapsed, and nothing was heard from Ralph, she became sick at heart, and a kind of gloomy despair took possession of her soul.

At last the final Sabbath was arrived, on which Lounsbury declared she was to become his wife. A large party were assembled at the tent of the leader, the accommodations of which were by no means mean, and Mary was led in pale as a ghost, and more dead than alive, to perform her part of the ceremony.

But just as the instant when she was about being led by a to go through with the solemn mockery, a loud din was heard at the outposts.

"Marion is upon us! Marion is upon us!" cried an officer rushing into the tent, and all was confusion and dismay! It was indeed Marion's men, who were hewing down the loyalists as the western pioneer hews down the trees of the wilderness, and taken by surprise as they were, they made but a feeble resistance. The whole force were slain or captured, and Lounsbury fell by the hand of Ralph Leonard.

But Marion would have his whim gratified. Gathering his officers together beneath the rest of the tory chief, he compelled the renegade circle of Mary perform the marriage ceremony for his young aid and Mary Hewitt, in the presence of the dying Lounsbury, who however was compelled to stand by and gnash his teeth with rage, as his will spirit departed forever!

COST OF PREACHING.

Some people talk a great deal about ministers, and the cost of keeping them, regarding their interest, table expenses, and other items of salary. Such persons ever think that a man receives five millions of dollars as the salaries of preachers and lawyers; that twelve millions of dollars are paid out annually to keep our criminals, and ten millions of dollars to keep the dogs in the midst of us alive; while only six millions of dollars are spent annually to sustain six thousand ministers in the United States. These are facts, and statistics will show them to be facts. So one thing carries such a mighty influence in keeping this mighty republic from falling to pieces, as the Bible and its ministers.—Western Christian Advocate.

It is not a great misfortune to oblige ingrates; but it is an insupportable one to be obliged by a wicked man.—Rochefoucauld.

MINERAL CANDLES.

There is a quarry about twelve miles to the west of Pittsburgh, in the immediate neighborhood of a picturesque group of trap-rocks, known as the Bissey Crags. The quarry itself is of white sandstone, but there rests immediately above a thick bed of dark colored shale, over which the top soil of old times flowed, and which was consequently subjected, in consequence, to a sort of natural distillation. The shale, therefore, impregnated with every chimney up, found its way into the vertical crevices the quarrymen now find it. It exists as a light waxy matter, in colour in about the same from that of gamboge to that of dark amber-coloured wax; and the more transparent are the best wax, which it equals in hardness—and burns with a bright, steady, and clear flame. Years ago quarrymen employed at the work, struck by its peculiar qualities, learned to extract it from the dark colored candles, which, though rather smoky, gave a not bad light, and which were extensively purchased from them as objects of curiosity, but much oftener consumed in their cottages. There, however, the thing rested; and in vain, for ought that we actually know, the mineral still—has nature distilled the shale, or the quarriers converted the proceeds of the distillation into candles.

Not many years since, however, some one, without taking the hint from the Bissey quarry, thought of distilling coal, and the result is the shale of the Dublin are exceedingly rich in an inflammable substance, and when properly treated for, which once calcined as the inaugurative framework of most bituminous ammonias and hydrocarbons, and which yielded, when subjected to the retort, oils, naphthas, and, it was believed, solidifiable vapors, from the paucity of its chemical affinities, as paraffine. Of the paraffine, beautiful crystals are made, as no degree inferior to those of wax; and from the oils, their manufacture and distillation have been of late established among the Lothian coal-fields of Scotland. In our own country, similar works are now in operation in the neighborhood of the coal deposits only a few miles distant from where James had carried on his first experiments in this trap, ninety years before. The Torbane-hill mineral is largely imported into England, and legally a shale in Prussia, and which the lessees say they can produce 3 to a cwt., and sell them free of duty because it is not a mineral, whereas the coal from Ireland, which is the coal Measures, or the Oolite or brown mineral as Torbane Hill.—Edinburgh Review.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

PERSEVERE.

BY MRS. M. W. CUSTIS.

When thou knowest thou art right,
Though traps barriers meet the sight,
Though the way seems dark as night,
Persevere.

He who strives the most will gain,
Time brings the hour of victory;
Listless replings are to vice,
Persevere.

Endeavor, for thou canst not fail,
But in thy self-reliance be strong;
Hope on, and all may yet be well—
Persevere.

THE CAR OF RUSSIA.

We have already printed a good deal on the subject of Russia, but perhaps we can do following anecdote:—"The officer whom Prince Menschikoff sent to bear to the emperor the news of the despatches announcing the victory at Sinope, arrived at the gate of the palace in the grey morning with unusual speed, and on arriving at the capital, was, according to Russian custom, immediately ushered into the presence of the emperor. The officer delivered the despatches briefly, 'I bring your majesty intelligence of the successful issue of a considerable action,' said he, 'and the emperor, much gratified, took him with him into the cabinet, and there, seated in private desk-contents. When he had finished, and addressed the officer, he found that the emperor was in delight at the tidings, he found that the officer, who had met with disgrace in the action, was not to be accused by any ordinary means. With a quick appreciation of the circumstances profile in the car, he called out roughly, 'So and so, your brave are ready,' and the soldier courier at once started up to his supposed duty. The emperor, however, inquired of him what he had. 'Regiment.' 'Well, then, [in an adjutant is ordered,' said he, 'to arrest the regiment.' I promise you on the spot to be Podjelkownik (Lieutenant-Colonel).' Perhaps few of the astonished officer had availed himself of this new distinction, at the end of a week, or even a day, when no rashless razor has been allowed to profane the cheek hallowed by the emperor's lips."—London Literary Gazette.

A LARGE THROAT.

The Morning Star, published at Cincinnati, relates the following anecdote of a young gentleman of Georgia, who supported his father's estate—money, land, negroes, everything, in a course of education at a northern college:

As he had just paid a last year's grog bill of $200, one day he was walking by the steam-boat landing, when seeing a physician on the opposite side in the yawl, he hailed him to come over.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you'd just take a look down my throat."

"I don't discover anything, sir," said the doctor, after looking for a few moments.

"You don't," said he, "why that's strange, will you look further, sir, to give another look."

"Really, sir," said the doctor, after a second look, "I don't see anything."

No! why, doctor, there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes gone down there!"

THE BRAHMIN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The man and woman go into the water with a cow apt calf, and an old priest. The man doth hold his hand by the old man's hand, and the wife's hand by the husband's, and it have the cow by the tail, and they pour water out of a brass pot on the cow's tail, and then the old man ties him and her together by their clothes, and they give to the Brahmans the cow and calf. Then they go to divers other idols and give money, and then they go their way. It is needless to observe, that the money given to the idols at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, is taken by the priest.—Missionary Records.

The Flag of our Union.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BY FIRST LOVE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMBS.

It was a bud within my breast,
By active nature nursed;
It rose, perfection, the loveliest,
Because it was the first.

The freshest violet, the brows of Jove,
The purple heart, and grace,
I would not, if I could forget—
I could not, if I would.

Where'er I walk with week-day men,
That flower May meet;
The cold, and world laid votive not them
Between my heart and her's.

Her daughter were painted in the glow
That softly west and east,
She was a queen in spirit, though
A cottage girl in name.

Long since o'ergrown with sad regrets,
My weary heart no more
Hails not that heaven's violets
In scent as those of yore.

Yet, Jacie, sweet young Jacie, yet
With time I cross the past;
My heart must still its dreams forget,
But this shall be the last.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TWO SHILLING PIECE.

BY MRS. G. P. DOUGHTY.

There is lay—as bright and shining as any of its brethren, and in a merely casual observer, as well entitled to the name. And yet, it was an unmistakable counterfeit, and an easily discovered one beside. When or where it was made—by whom—for what purpose, we know not. At the time when we would first introduce it to our readers, it was with a quantity of other small change safely enclosed in the hand of a young man who accompanied by a friend, sprang from the steps of the car on Chatham, and took his way toward the business part of the city.

"Nothing more provoking," he exclaimed, "than being obliged to change a bill in such a place. The drivers always grumble, and rightly enough, too, for the passengers are annoyed at the detention, and the unfortunate individual who has forgotten to supply himself with a sixpence, runs the risk of receiving half a dozen bad pieces in change, although he may have in his pocket enough to keep a dozen people waiting while he looks at his change. And here is a case in point. Just look at this quarter—a complete a counterfeit as you often meet with."

"It is indeed," returned the friend. "Should you leave the driver if you met him again?"

"No! He is but one among a thousand. Let him go, I will get rid of it. No fear of my being a loser."

"I drew its counterpart into the river this morning, Harry."

"And why? Push it about. It is worth twenty-five cents as long as you can get it for it."

"Possibly, but the question is, where will it stop? In whose hands will it become valueless? Purchases in dens of the widow or the orphan."

"Pshaw, Dick. You are too deep into these things. Take care of number one in the first place. Counterfeit money will be passed."

"But I will not be the one to pass it. Take my advice, and put that quarter where none will find it."

"I shall certainly rid myself of it as soon as possible," was the equivocal reply, and the friends parted for the day.

Ten minutes after, the glittering quarter was with a quantity of other loose change swept carelessly from the counter of a well-known cigar store, and safely deposited in the drawer below, while its previous owner, leisurely placed four prime cigars in his case, and then handed with the exchange, proceeded on his walk. It was a matter of too little consequence to cause anything more than a momentary feeling of vexation in the retailer of extra fine cigars and best chewing tobacco, when the trick was discovered. It was only to keep it moving, and no one need be a loser. So it was passed off upon the first short-sighted customer, and he in his turn still deemed it best to keep it moving, and in seeking an old account at his tailor's, threw it in with the old change. So it passed from one to another, until, somewhat the worse for wear, it was safely lodged in a clothing store, where we will leave it for the present, and beg the reader to accompany us to another part of the great city, an obscure street, it is true, but where many honest hearts are found.

In one of the poorest of the many poor apartments which formed one of those buildings often erected for the accommodation of the poor, as a respectable looking, middle-aged woman, busily plying her needle by the dim light of a tallow candle. There was an air of neatness in her appearance, and in the arrangement of the scanty furniture of the room, which showed a sense of propriety, not always found to accompany extreme poverty. Two little children were quietly sleeping upon a straw bed in the corner of the room, and on a small cot lay another somewhat older, also slumbering, but with that uneasy, restless sleep, which evinces mental disturbance or bodily suffering.

The mother gazed tearfully upon her eldest born. Its happier days, when a kind husband had stood by her side to guard her from life's ills, Ella had been her darling and her pride; and even now, in want and sorrow, her bright smile and words of love could cheer the aching heart, and give new strength to the weary frame.

"Dear Ella," she murmured, "The fever is on her now; she will soon awake. Poor child! she needs better care than I can give her."

A distressing fit of coughing now awakened the little sufferer.

"Dear mamma," she whispered, as soon as she could regain her breath, "do lay aside your work for to-night. You have done enough to-day. Lie down by me and rest."

"Not yet, dearest. It is still early. You know I must finish this work to-morrow."

"O, how I wish I could help you. Did I not begin to sew quite nearly before I was ill?"

"You did, darling, and you will again before many weeks, I hope. But do not talk for it brings on that hard cough. Try to sleep again."

"I will, mama, but first give me water. My mouth is so parched."

The mother held the cool water to her lips. She drank a little, and then with a quiet "thank you," lay back upon her pillow, but there was still a wishful look in her countenance, until her mother said, tenderly:

"Is there anything else I can do for you, Ella ?"

"No, mama. I was only thinking of that nice lemonade father made for me once when I was sick with the measles. It was very foolish in me to think of it," she continued, as she heaved an involuntary sigh from her mother; "but the water does not taste good, now I am sick."

Again she slept, and the wearied mother resumed her needle. Tear after tear stole down her cheek as she bent over her task.

"Poor child!" she murmured. "It seems hard that I must deny her so trifling a luxury, but, alas! there are so many absolute necessities to be provided. Perhaps if I work an hour or two longer, I might complete another garment before to-morrow evening, and then I should receive a little more than I require. I must buy coal, if possible, for it is so hard to make poor Ella comfortable with the blocks which my landlord does pick up. Half a bushel will do, and then there must be bread and candles. I promised the children a bit of shell fish, but I will save them to wait, and I will go without the tea which I hoped to have bought, and the dear child shall have a lemon and a little loaf sugar, as she did when she had the measles. Poor thing! how well she remembered the lemonade which her father made for her!"

Animated with the hope of procuring this little luxury for her suffering child, the weary fingers moved still faster, and the work was soon done, seconds told the near approach of morning, that the task was relinquished, and the almost exhausted woman drew herself upon the bed to seek an hour or two of repose. Every leisure moment during the day was to be devoted to her needle, and early in the evening the work was completed. Fatigue was forgotten, and with a cheerful countenance she prepared to take the clothes to her employer. In the fullness of her heart, she could not help whispering to Ella as she kissed her burning cheek, "mother will try to bring you a lemon, dear;" and though the unselfish child immediately assured her that she could very well do without it, yet the brightening of the eye and the look of gratitude only strengthened her resolution.

A quick step met the mother to the shop of her employer. The work was examined, approved, and paid for. With a lighter heart she turned toward home, holding in her hand the hardly earned sum which was to procure so many comforts. To the coal yard first she went. Here her purchase was soon made, and an obliging lad to whom she had formerly done small favors, offered to carry the heavy basket to her room. Some other necessaries were bought, and then the woman paused and gazed thoughtfully at the last piece of money which remained to it was a quarter.

"I think I may make out the bit of fish for the children yet," she said to herself, "but I must make sure of the lemon and sugar first."

She stopped into a brightly lighted grocery.

"Have you lemons ?"

"Very fine ones," was the reply; "but they are very high in price, and scarce, just now."

"Could you not let me have one or two a little lower. They are for sickness."

"Might let you have them for ten cents, perhaps, but it will be a dead loss to us. Don't make a cent profit on them."

The lemons and the crushed sugar were laid aside, and the remaining pennies would still buy the bit of fish. Almost exultingly the mother seized her treasures and laying the quarter upon the counter, turned to leave the shop. But her progress was arrested by a loud call of:

"Stop, woman, the piece of money is counterfeit."

Tremblingly she returned.

"I was just given me by Mr. Stimpson in payment for work," she said. "I will leave my bundle here, and go back with it to him. No doubt he will exchange it."

"I should think so," was the reply; for the perfect simplicity of the woman certainly made the woman spoke, evinced her honesty.

The delay was tedious, but it was rewarded, and as speedily as possible she was upon the steps, and before many minutes, again presented herself before Mr. Stimpson.

"Well, my good woman, what now? I thought our business was settled for to-night."

"Yes, sir, but if you please, this is a counterfeit quarter. I tried to pass it at a grocery, and they refused to take it."

The gentleman examined it closely.

"It is a counterfeit, certainly," he replied. "Are you sure that I gave it to you? I am very careful what money I pay out."

"I had none but what I received from you, sir."

A doubt was still expressed upon Mr. Stimpson's countenance.

After a pause, he said coolly:

"I did not pay you myself, but merely directed the boy to give you so much. I will ask him if this piece of money was among what he gave you."

"I assure you, sir, I had not another," urged the poor woman, with energy, but no attention was paid to her remark.

"Here, William."

The lad obeyed the summons, and the piece of money was laid before him.

"Did you give that counterfeit quarter to this woman about half an hour ago?"

"Of course I did not, sir. I never pass counterfeits nor take them."

"You see I can do nothing for you," resumed the employer, turning to the woman. The lad knows what he is about, and he says he never gave it to you."

"But I tell you, sir, that I had no other money!" was the indignant reply.

"I have no proof of that, so now take your quarter and go your way. You will pass it easy enough."

"But I will not pass it, sir. If I am poor, thank God, I am honest, and will not wrong another, even when I am wronged myself!"

"What a spirit spoke then!" laughingly exclaimed Mr. Stimpson to a bystander, as with a firm step, though a despairing heart, the injured woman quitted the shop, bearing the two shilling piece upon the counter.

"A noble spirit," was the answer. "I can admire uprightness in another, even if I am not over-careful myself. You were hard upon her, Stimpson. The loss was more to her than it would be to you."

"There would be no end to imposition if I did not protect myself."

"Perhaps so," was the careless reply; and at the same moment, the speaker took up the counterfeit quarter.

The lad who had attracted his attention, and with a sudden exclamation, he hastily left the shop.

"I wish I knew which way the woman went," he muttered, as he stood in the open air, and looked eagerly around.

"I know which way she went. I set my private mark upon it the day that the omnibus driver took it from me. I had some curiosity to see whether it would ever come into my hands again. Truman was right, after all. There's no telling the chickens a bit of shell fish, but I will coax them to wait, and I will go without the tea which I hoped to have bought, and the dear child shall have a lemon and a little loaf sugar, as she did when she had the measles. Poor thing! how well she remembered the lemonade which her father made for her!"

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"Stop, woman, the piece of money is counterfeit."

Tremblingly she returned.

"I was just given me by Mr. Stimpson in payment for work," she said. "I will leave my bundle here, and go back with it to him. No doubt he will exchange it."

"I should think so," was the reply; for the perfect simplicity of the woman certainly made the woman spoke, evinced her honesty.

The delay was tedious, but it was rewarded, and as speedily as possible she was upon the steps, and before many minutes, again presented herself before Mr. Stimpson.

"Well, my good woman, what now? I thought our business was settled for to-night."

"Yes, sir, but if you please, this is a counterfeit quarter. I tried to pass it at a grocery, and they refused to take it."

The gentleman examined it closely.

"It is a counterfeit, certainly," he replied. "Are you sure that I gave it to you? I am very careful what money I pay out."

"I had none but what I received from you, sir."

A doubt was still expressed upon Mr. Stimpson's countenance.

After a pause, he said coolly:

"I did not pay you myself, but merely directed the boy to give you so much. I will ask him if this piece of money was among what he gave you."

"I assure you, sir, I had not another," urged the poor woman, with energy, but no attention was paid to her remark.

"Here, William."

The lad obeyed the summons, and the piece of money was laid before him.

"Did you give that counterfeit quarter to this woman about half an hour ago?"

"Of course I did not, sir. I never pass counterfeits nor take them."

"You see I can do nothing for you," resumed the employer, turning to the woman. The lad knows what he is about, and he says he never gave it to you."

"But I tell you, sir, that I had no other money!" was the indignant reply.

"I have no proof of that, so now take your quarter and go your way. You will pass it easy enough."

"But I will not pass it, sir. If I am poor, thank God, I am honest, and will not wrong another, even when I am wronged myself!"

"What a spirit spoke then!" laughingly exclaimed Mr. Stimpson to a bystander, as with a firm step, though a despairing heart, the injured woman quitted the shop, bearing the two shilling piece upon the counter.

"A noble spirit," was the answer. "I can admire uprightness in another, even if I am not over-careful myself. You were hard upon her, Stimpson. The loss was more to her than it would be to you."

"There would be no end to imposition if I did not protect myself."

"Perhaps so," was the careless reply; and at the same moment, the speaker took up the counterfeit quarter.

The lad who had attracted his attention, and with a sudden exclamation, he hastily left the shop.

"I wish I knew which way the woman went," he muttered, as he stood in the open air, and looked eagerly around.

"I know which way she went. I set my private mark upon it the day that the omnibus driver took it from me. I had some curiosity to see whether it would ever come into my hands again. Truman was right, after all. There's no telling where a counterfeit piece will stop. I must find poor woman. She has the right stuff in her, I am sure."

But the moment he saw the object of his search standing near a lamp post, at a short distance from him.

"What could be the woman—what can she be doing there!" he exclaimed, as with hasty steps he walked towards her.

"Is this right in the right air, good women?"

She started as if waking from a dream at the sound of his voice, and drawing her tattered shawl around her, moved quickly away. Unobserved by her, he followed her to the door of the grocery, she paused. For a moment she stood irresolute. At length she entered, and the gentleman followed and stood beside her as the counter.

"Mr. Stimpson will not exchange the money for the bad piece, and I have not the heart to be so kind as to let me have the little bundle and trust me for a day or two."

"Is that all?" was the answer. Sorry for you, but we go for cash. No credit given."

"If I could only have the lemon," she murmured, as she turned away, her countenance in the countenance of the man she addressed, and said, in the same manner:

"It is so hard to disappoint poor Ella," she said, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, and then resumed her task. "I cannot bear to disappoint her all the rest. But thank God, I have wronged no one. I will trust in Him. He will not forsake me."

At this moment, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and her little parcel was held before her eyes.

"Here is what you purchased, good woman, and take to another quarter for you—as honest one, I believe."

"God bless you, sir, whoever you may be!" was the reply; and then with a sudden burst of feeling, the grateful woman added:

"O my poor Ella. She will yet have her lemonade. Now I can buy a bit of fish as many weary hours to procure those lemons and the sugar for my sick child, and then to be disappointed after all. It has been very hard."

"Here is something to buy Ella some more lemons," said the young man, slipping another piece of money into her hand.

And with a kind good evening, he walked away, well satisfied with the little incident which he related to his friend at the counter, whether if another counterfeit came in his way, to abandon his motto of "Keep it moving," or whether that no one could have where it would stop.

CURIOUS FISHERIES IN CALIFORNIA.

On the south side of Hinton Creek near the mouth of Mission Creek, there is a settlement of Digger Indians, consisting of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, who are chiefly engaged in fishing. The principal fishing they give, some of which may be seen at all hours moving over the waters of the creek. The canoes are constructed by the Indians themselves. The canoes are placed in a line on each side of the centre canoe of the weir, and each side of the centre canoe is made fast, and carefully set. Here and there a gap is seen making fish-like, and at each gap stands a man, or boys the question of fish, which, lying on all sides around, they drive into the centre canoe as easier and safer than the fish which they catch, consist of sturgeon, salmon, trout, and a few species unknown to us. The latter are dried whole, while the larger are cut into thin pieces, and dried in the sun. An intelligent Indian said us that the average yield of this wonderful weir must be about two tons a month, and that they found ready sale for them at five dollars a hundred pounds, which would amount in money to six hundred dollars, or, if the estimate of Indian weights be correct, to four dollars per man.—*California Journal.*

GREAT PRICE OF PEACHES.

Six years ago, an honest, hard-working man went from the vicinity of Norwich, Connecticut to Ohio. He had with him in his pocket a small capital of four hundred dollars, which he had saved by industry and economy. On a rainy day, arriving at his place of destination, he wisely purchased for himself a snug little farm, which he stocked as much as it could bear—not with wheat, corn, sheep or cattle, but with peach trees. His neighbors, no doubt, thought him foolish and visionary, but he kept his own counsel. His second crop of peaches yielded him sufficient to pay for his land, and leave him a quite of four hundred dollars besides. But the year was immense peach orchards yielded him at the least calculation, a clear profit of thirty thousand dollars.—*Augusta (Ga.) Republic.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WHITE CURL PAPERS.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"You're a hateful, tantalizing thing!" cried Miss Pophie, the pretty maiden-aunt, to her niece Irene, Mr. Augustus Tompkins, a young carpenter, who had just set up for himself, and was to have married the petulant beauty, whom he had long courted, at the approaching end of Spring.

"Very well, Julia—it's all very well," said the young man, in that tone, which, whatever the words may be, expresses that everything is as serene as possible. "Have it as you like. I'm glad I found you out in season."

"And I found out your hateful temper long ago. What a miserable creature I should have been, if I had married you, ha! ha! ha!" and the pretty creature laughed bitterly and hysterically.

"Now we're sawed it off square," said the carpenter, "it's no use to have any spiking and clinching work afterwards. I mean the separation shall be final."

"Our minds agree on that matter," said the young lady, icily. "She live to a table, tore open the drawer, and plucked out a packet of letters, which she tossed to him contemptuously. "Last evening you sent me the letters I'd written you, and I here 'em into bits—and here are your false letters to me—all fill of falsehood, sir—check full."

"They weren't half so tender as those you wrote to me," remarked the carpenter.

"You're a vile creature!" screamed the little milliner. And she tore out of her bosom a miniature she had worn there, and dashed it at the offender. "Take your picture back. That was false, too, like all the rest. It was flattering likeness!"

"It happened to be a daguerreotype," said the young carpenter, as he pocketed the affront.

"Bigone, sir!" cried the young lady, stamping her foot.

"I obey you with pleasure," replied the rejected one: "and I shall laugh the live-long day at your quest. Frinks is a charming young fellow—fifty at least—wears one of his own wigs. I overheard you last night, when you were in bed, for the first that ever touched your maiden heart—and you only secured the little wearer fixed locked by the false hook!"

With these stinging words, the young man turned on his heel and walked out of the premises. The merest tribe that oftenest lay waste the gardens of this world—thoughtless country—Tribadies on the side, and pompous Indians away on the other. But the rupture had been effected, and now, to render it irremediable, the fair Julia hastened to secure her wishered beau.

Frinks, the barber, had that morning received a note from the fair one, requesting his professional services, to dress her hair for a ball, to which she had been invited, and he must not presage her raven locks and plead his love at the same time. He was a little, time-worn, wasted-out fellow, prodigiously self-conceited, and more exacting and jealous in his disposition than even the young carpenter.

He soon made his appearance, paid his respects, and commenced his duties.

"What a delightful occupation!" he murmured, as he passed over the locks of the unsuspecting—"thus to earn beauty for conquest. And to feel that while we are preparing her for admiration, her heart beats only for her!"

"And have none of the fine ladies whose heads you dress, ever touched your heart, Julius?" asked Miss Pophie. "Don't tell me, but I'm not so!"

"Can you ask me?" murmured Frinks. "No! my eyes never touched my soul till you've bowed upon it," said the enamored barber. "And your heart, dearest, was untouched, notwithstanding the world gave you to that stupid blockhead, Mr. Tenon!"

"I don't love him one bit; I only endured his company, because I had nobody else to go about with," answered Julia, readily, but not without a secret twinge of conscience.

Frinks was taking off the curl papers, but that did not prevent his talking, yet he was suddenly silent.

"What are you doing?" cried Miss Pophie, for the barber stood behind her chair, out of her sight.

"You don't answer me, Mr. Frinks," continued the young lady.

No reply. The milliner turned her head, and beheld the barber, standing transfixed, with an open case in his hands, gazing on it as if there was a horrid fascination in its characters. The truth instantly flashed upon her mind. It was the miniature of herself, which she had promised to have destroyed, but which she had carelessly employed in putting up her hair.

"Give me that picture, instantly!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet.

"Not till I've read every word of it!" cried the barber. "A picture! and with—your name on the bottom. You evil that cursed carpenter your dearest love, and you call me a weasel-faced monkey, a—a—a—a—a—a—a—a—a—a—a—and 'weasel-faced old monkey in a wig,' means me. I swear a wig, ma'am! You're a deceiver, ma'am."

"Who are you speaking to in that way?" cried the drug, musty voice of the young carpenter, who had swung Frinks to the house, and wished to ruin his happiness, as his own had been ruined.

"To that gipsey! that flirt!"

"O! Augustus!" cried the young lady, blushing scarlet, "will you suffer this old wretch to call me names?"

The appeal was not made in vain. The young carpenter seized the barber, grinning like an old vindictive spe, by the nape of his neck, and the next moment he was rejoicing down the staircase without an opportunity to count the steps.

The poor exile as that the quarrels of lovers end in a renewal of love. Before Augustus left the fair Julia, they were on more endearing terms than ever, and when he went away, he took with him every scrap of the white curl papers," to be laid up with rose-leaves, and preserved for future reference; while the dismissal of the bachelor barber was as final and irrevocable as bad been peremptory. So much for lovers' quarrels.

COLONEL BOWIE.

The late celebrated Mr. Clay was a man of great excitation and considerable flirting. He once told the following anecdote to a friend of ours. Travelling, in early manhood, in a public conveyance in a south-western State, he found himself in the company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, her husband, and of an individual snuffed up in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be asleep in a one-a-one with Morpheus. Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach smoking a cigar, and frowning fiercely around, as much as to say, "I'm half horse, half alligator, the paler fever of the forest, all brimstone but the head and sarn, and that's squalrits." In fact, he looked as savage as a meat axe, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke, without reference to his company within, especially of the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of uneasiness.

Presently, after some whispering, the gentleman with his fair fellow-passenger requested the stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed the company. The fellow answered, "I reckon I've paid my place. I'll smoke as much as I darn please, and all creation shan't stop me no how." The lady then he looked desperate, and rolled his eyes round as fiercely as a rattlesnake. It was evident that he was determined to quarrel, and if it occurred, it was likely to lead to a duel. Thereupon, the young man who had spoken to him shrunk back and was silent. He—the fellow gathering energy by sufferance, and the mantle was softened to fall from it without effort or resistance. The next particular frame of a man plainly dressed in a slightly checked shirt, with a red cotton handkerchief about his appearance, was seen, and a pair of bright grey eyes scanned the fierce face of the ferocious Kentuckian. Without a word this man drew forth a bludgeon under his cloke at the back of his neck, and slowly and deliberately knelt his knees, and with a long-measured gliding swing knelt on his sheath in that single blow.

"Stranger," he said, "my name is Colonel James Bowie. I was born in Arkinsaw and Louisiana, and if you don't put that cigar out of your mouth I'll be your second in a duel." Then with the certainty of the threat being fulfilled, the man resumed the same composure he possessed itself one long on the mind of the offender. During the two or three seconds he was that of Bowie. He was the weaker, and he quailed. With a cowed look he threw the cigar from between his teeth, and flung it, smoking, but downcast, out of the coach window. Upon which Colonel James Bowie as deliberately replaced his long knife in its ominous hiding place, and, without saying a word to any one else, or even vouchsafing a look to the lady, he leaned back on his couch around him, and did not utter another syllable to the end of the journey.—*New Quarterly Review.*

MILLIONAIRES.

Judah Touro, the recently deceased millionaire of New Orleans, was one of the richest citizens of that place, who have died there during the past few years. Among others are John McDonough, Joseph Fowler, Cornelius Paulding, were the other three. The united inheritances of these four citizens reached the sum of nine millions, a handsome estate for the support of five whole city. They were all bachelors, and lived to an extreme old age. Mr. McDonough died at seventy-two, Mr. Paulding at seventy, Mr. Fowler at eighty-five, and Mr. Touro at seventy-nine. They had all been countless soldiers of New Orleans, and enjoyed a remarkable degree of health and vigor.

Touro had some eccentric traits in Mr. Touro's character, it is stated that he could never be persuaded to invest in any bank stock. He died of a beloved brother, who was thrown out of a carriage and killed by a stone in the harbor. Then brother bequeathed him $200,000, which he invested in one of the banks of that State. The money was permitted to remain in the bank for many years, but Mr. Touro never could be persuaded to receive or use a dollar of it. He never touched one cent to the credit on the books of the bank just as it was left by his brother.

Though he had a New Englander's fondness for ships, and owned many of the largest craft that entered the port, and was passionately fond of talking about ships, but had no stock in any steamer, and took a great pride in the beauty and excellence of his own. His private house he persuaded to go aboard of one of them, but would amuse himself by standing on the levee, and viewing in silent admiration the huge hulks, the tall masts and the graceful sails of his great custom ship.—*Sunday Mercury.*

NEW CALEDONIA.

The island of New Caledonia, which, with its surrounding groups, has been recently taken possession of by the French, is a large island four hundred miles in length, and seventy in breadth, lying between 17 degrees, 57 minutes, and 22 degrees south latitude, and between 162 degrees, and 168 east longitude. It is four hundred miles from Australia, and seven hundred from Otaheite breadth. It is enclosed by coral reefs, in which there have been found some fine pearl-oysters, also allowing but two harbors which afford a secure anchorage for large vessels. It is said to be less fertile than most of the South Sea Islands; the mountains are the principal character of portions of the group, it is believed that the soil abounds in minerals. The inhabitants of New Caledonia are a stout, dark race, and there, also have the practice of being cannibals. These islands were first discovered in 1774, by Capt. Cook.—*London Journal.*

"IF IT ALL LICK."

"It is all lick," said an old man, as in poverty and misery, he found old age upon him, and the sight of death at hand. "I was born a child, was born to be rich, and others poor." Instantly our thoughts turn to the rich man's grave, "as as he was wasted youth, his neglected opportunities, his sloth, improvidence and want of forethought, and then looking upon his desolate state, we asked ourselves, "Is it luck?" Never! Never it, young man? Pluck, not luck, is the ruler of our destinies. The strong hand and the willing heart set luck at defiance, or rather make it serve them. He is lucky who industrious and cheerful, who neglects no opportunity, wastes no time in idleness, and in the present provides for the future. All other luck is a delusion and a snare."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATTOON M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

There is a greater variety in the notes by which animals express their feelings, wants and sensations, than superficial observers are ready to acknowledge. Each bird and beast has a peculiar and characteristic tone or cry, but also many minor notes and modifications and shades well adapted to the expression of emotions. Naturalists and sportsmen are well aware of this variety in creatures whose expressions are generally supposed to be monotonous. The cat bird, so common in our hedges and on the borders of our gardens, has a sharp, harsh, unpleasant note, like the scraping of the sticks together which it delivers its name. But this is only when it is observed, and is acting under restraint. He utters this cry, accompanied by a sharp jerk of the tail, as if that feathered appendage was a part of a machine, and had something to do with the production of the note. But let the cat bird get away from observation and restraint, to some sylvan spot where he supposes himself perfectly secure, and then his "Mocking Orpheus is not more charming." He imitates the thrush, the robin, the woodpecker, and all the tribe of his feathered acquaintances.

The solemn, rhetrich crow is noted for his harsh cry: can't but that does not embrace the compass of his eloquence. If you watch a tame crow you will perceive a great variety in his moods; the fellow is always talking to himself, and sometimes soliloquizes quite musically. When pleased he has a series of gurgling liquid notes, not at all unpleasant, and so peculiar are these sounds that you might often mistake them for a human voice. Indeed it is well known that you have only to perform a little pleasant operation on the tongue of a crow, simply dividing that member, and the crow can be taught, like the parrot, to pronounce words. This is an experiment that has often and successfully been tried, and some patient showmen have made money by their success.

The wild toot and halloo of the owl at dog midnight, has often startled the benighted traveller into the belief that some mortal enemy or goblin was besetting his path. We dare say that many a sturdy Puritan, in the days of olden time, mistook that sinister cry for the whoop of an Indian seeking his destruction. The owl is a rather uncongenial bird, we must confess. A musical gentleman tired all the owls in his neighborhood with a pitch-pipe, set on concert pitch, and found that they all boomed in B flat. But the dove cooing in its amorous and mournful notes, are a great contrast to the owl and the lachrymatical of despairing lovers; the woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh, and expresses copious their complacency by even modulations and varying melody.

Take a chicken four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are no flies, and it will immediately seize its prey, with little twitchings of complacency; but if you tender it a bee, or a wasp, at once its notes become harsh, and expressive of disapprobation, and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she expresses it in as easy, joyous, yet, subdued a way as she has deposited her egg in the nest, rushes forth, with a clamorous kind of joy, quite tumultuous, and which all her companions echo.

But if one would appreciate the volume of sound which can be produced by a bird's lungs, he should purchase and domesticate a full grown Shanghai rooster. We have heard a bird of this description "mustering strength" like Macbeth, and we could never right determine whether the Chinese gong was an imitation of a Cochin China, or whether the Cochin China was an imitation of the Chinese gong. By the way, should that other monster bird be called a Chittagong, or a chicken-gong? We answer for a reply!

PROFICIENT RAILROADS.—It is estimated that the value of public lands to railroads, asked from the session of Congress according to the bills introduced or projected, amounts to the sum of $250,000,000.

GOSSIP SPOILED.—A Buffalo correspondent of the New York Express denies the report that was travelling the rounds, that Ex-President Fillmore was about to be married.

JUST SO.—A down east editor says that modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman and ruins a man.

COPYIT.—Cotton umbrellas are worth $10,50 apiece at Panama.

TROUBLES IN THE EAST.

Matters between the European powers seem to be assuming a most critical shape; war to the knife appears to be inevitable, and with all the appliances of modern warfare, such a contest must be fearfully destructive to life and property. England and France together are for the strong for Nicholas, and they have now gone to work hand in hand and in earnest. The Turks have bravely sustained themselves up to the present time; but, unaided, they must have soon fallen before the vast numbers of their enemies. It looks to us very much, as though Nicholas, to use a common phrase, had "put his foot into it," and that he will have occasion to regret his position.

In the meantime, the Turkish ranks are being augmented by gallant young officers from England, France and America, and her ranks swelled by ardent volunteers. We see the name of quite a number of our officers who served in the late Mexican war, registered, as being on their way to serve the sultan; and indeed, of several, who have already received high and honorable appointments. Hungarians, Poles, and others who have felt the strong arm oppression of the Emperor of Russia, are now enlisting under the Crescent for revenge; and they will fight with a spirit of bitterness that will render fearfully destructive to the Russians. We shall now see, whether Europe is to be Cossack or Republican.

At this moment, the excitement in the United war is looked for with the utmost anxiety; and scarcely has interest a felt on the other side of Atlantic, than among these countries whose troops and governments are actually engaged in the war. But war means something; it will be brief, decisive and destructive enough. The effect of this outbreak of war upon those countries and the rest of the Christian world, must be considerable, and differing in various sections. It has already had the effect of raising the prices of our staple commodities, and to effect all branches of trade; but upon the whole, will probably be of no serious injury to the United States.

War is a sad and fearful alternative, but we can see no sign of its approach among our people in this contingency; the Russian monarch has challenged them, and thrown down his gauntlet boldly.

DEATH-BED REVELATION.

A large wine dealer residing in London, recently on his death-bed, being in great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the matter of his business he had followed for years. He stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wines he could, and by making use of sugar of lead and other deleterious substances, restore the wine to a palatable flavor. He said that on his death-bed he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the effects of his mixtures on those who drank them. He had sent instances of this kind where the unconscious victims of cupidity, after wasting and declining for years, despite the best medical advice, went to their graves poisoned by the adulterated wines he had sold them.

LATEST DODGE.—A Jeremy Diddler in Philadelphia, a few days ago, being in want of funds, with the assistance of an accomplice, procured some old champagne bottles, and after filling them with water, neatly corked and labelled them. The next step was to a hotel, where a couple dozen of them were sold for $26, apparently an alarming sacrifice. Away fled our hero, with heart bounding thirsty thieves, and made off with the entire profits, and being "blown" by his accomplice, was arrested for swindling and committed to prison.

THE IRISH.—The Irish, who have won so much glory and territory for Great Britain, are to be called upon in the present crisis. The mayor of Dublin has granted the request of the quarter-master general, and recruiting in that city, as in the rest of Ireland, is to be carried on on a grand scale. Thousands are said to soon be for down-trodden Hungary and Italy in the coming contest, for Ireland good care will be taken that there shall be none.

FREEING INTEREST.—A bill has passed the legislature of New Brunswick, abolishing the royal sanction, which enables the colonial authorities to board American vessels in the fishing grounds when within three miles of land, and remain on board until they depart. It has other provisions for the protection of the inshore fisheries which are equally stringent and obnoxious.

DEBT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The receipts into the treasury have been six millions, and four millions of the public debt have been paid off on account. The present public debt of the State is $40,000,000.

CHURCH BURNED.—The Roman Catholic Church at Alton, Illinois, was burned on the 15th ult., together with three dwelling houses adjoining. Loss $25,000. Insurance $3000.

BRIDGE TOLLS.—The amount of tolls paid by the Cambridge and Boston omnibuses for passing the bridge between the two cities was the past year exceeded the sum of $10,000.

HYMENEAL.—On the 20th ult., the Hon. Mr. Lipon, the newly elected Governor of Maryland, led to the hymeneal altar an accomplished lady of Elkridge, Md.

COAL IN GREAT BRITAIN.—37,000,000 tons of coal are mined annually in Great Britain, of the value at the pit's mouth of £10,000,000.

A GOOD MEASURE.—A bill to punish the adulteration of liquors has passed through the committee of the whole of the Ohio Senate.

A WARY TERRITORY.—Nebraska would make twelve States as large as Pennsylvania.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The number of German emigrants who arrived in New York, last year, was 307,483.

France produces annually, nine hundred million gallons of wine.

The population of Russia, as shown by a recent census, is 63,170,609.

There are about 1500 operatives in the mills of Lewiston, Me.

Ida Aldridge, the African tragedian, continues his successful career in Germany.

The population of the hospital at Washington has already cost $300,000.

It is estimated that 8000 planes are made every year in the United States.

Hon. Cave Johnson has been elected President of the Bank of Tennessee.

There were 42 deaths in Newton, N. H., for stealing two umbrellas.

There were 450 deaths in New York city last week, of small pox.

The tailors of Hamilton, U. C., have "struck" against the sewing machine.

Gen. Wm. Faulding, ex-mayor of New York, died at Tarrytown, a few days since.

The total sales of cholera have lately occurred at Houston, Texas.

A machine has been invented in Connecticut, to fold power presses with paper.

A public library is shortly to be opened in Gloucester, Mass.

The proprietors of St. Louis are talking about getting up a Crystal Palace.

Mr. Ashmun, aged 74, was killed at Pittsburg, by a camphene accident.

A large number of Americans have sailed for Constantinople, to fight the Russians.

Miss Robertson played a highly successful engagement in Boston at the Museum.

There was a fire in a blacksmith shop, long blowsit in New York, the other day. Cause unknown.

The new Opera House, Boston, is fast progressing, and will soon be opened.

It is said that blindness is remarkably prevalent among the people of Japan.

The Baptist Church in Greenville, Conn., was lately destroyed by fire.

Steamboat whistles and wigwams are very plenty about Bridgeport, Conn.

Philadelphia covers a larger superficial area than any other city in the world.

Hiram Covell, for some unknown reason, drowned himself at Portland, recently.

The Mississippi River overflow New York remedian, is going to California.

REMOVAL.

Owing to the great increase of our business in New York, Samuel Ferech, Esq., our agent for that city, has found it necessary to remove from his old quarters to the splendid marble building, just erected at No. 121 Nassau Street; one of the finest and most commodious stores in New York. Mr. French alone receives regularly each week from thirteenthousand, thirty-three thousand "Pictorials," and twenty-one thousand "Flags." The public will find him the same courteous and accommodating gentleman with whom they have so long and favorably known; and that the change of his place of business will afford increased facilities and convenience to all parties.

THE FRENCH CLERGY.—From a recent French statistical work, we learn that there are 43,000 Roman Catholic clergymen in France, besides 9500 theological students preparing for the priesthood. The Catholic clergy are appointed by the State, at an annual expense of 32,000,000 of francs. There are 3000 convents and 24,000 nuns in France, besides convents for different orders of monks. Of Protestant clergymen, there are 107 Reformed, 541 Lutheran, 40 Protestant Episcopal, and 86 of other denominations.

A VERY OLD MAN.—Three died in Moscow, Russia, in November last, a venerable relict of Napoleon Bonaparte, named M. Pierre Semonoff. His age was 122 years, and two months. He was born in the reign of the Empress Anna, the son of a grand cook to the Grand Duke, during his life. Russia has grown from a comparatively weak and almost barbarous government, to be the largest in territorial extent and most powerful empire on the globe.

RAILROADS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—From documents recently published in England, it appears that the gross receipts from travel and freights on the railroads of the United Kingdom during the past year amounted to £72,037,000 pounds sterling. These railroads cost upwards of £365,000,000, and altogether pay less than three per cent. dividend.

A WISE MAN OF THE YEAST.—We understand that the mayor of a town in the west of England has sent a letter to the effect that, in consequence of the failure of the place, recommending them during the high price of flour, to leave out the yeast, as he reasons in the belief that it is the yeast which makes the bread rise.

SMALL MATTERS.—The nerve of the tooth, not as large as the finest rambolo needle, will sometimes cause a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant supremely mad. A coral rock, which causes a navy to flounder, is the work of worms.

LIBERIA EMIGRANTS.—It is stated that arrangements have been made and vessels chartered, for carrying no less than 782 emigrants to Liberia, from different points of the country during the present year.

EXPRESSIVE ARTICLE.—To make one of the finest Cashmere shawls requires the work of a family for a lifetime. They sell, in Cashmere itself, for five thousand dollars.

CONSULTING THE "SPIRITS."—In the war of "spirits," our great object should be to obtain "A happy medium."

GEORGIA.—A valuable silver mine has been discovered in Gannet county, Georgia.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Two Scenes in the Life of a Young American," a story by Harry William Herbert.
"He wouldn't get married," a story, by Mrs. Caroline A. Soule.
"The Steel Uniform," a sketch, by Mrs. M. A. Denison.
"Stories of Gods and Goddesses," No. 1, by T. Buchanan Read.
"Flowers that never fade," Essay, by Mrs. M. W. Ostrom.
"The Days of Yore," Poem, by Alice E. Haven.
"The Snow Shoe Sketches," verse, by Louisa A. Woodbury.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In this week's number, we give a representation of the new Summer Willow Boat, fashioned to ply between Boston and Liverpool.

Two large engravings, representing the Uniforms of the Russian Infantry.—Cuirassiers and Light Guard.

A large panoramic view of Broadway, New York, containing the principal and most prominent buildings and objects of interest, with this celebrated thoroughfare.

A series of pictures, representing Mrs. Partington, Ike Partington, Uncle Nicholas Snobbs, and Rachel Pease of Bridge Gibbon, second, Commanding Officer Hosbins, third, a War Dance of New Zealanders, fourth, a group of Bedouins.

Portraits of Prince Michael Woronzoff, and of General Oudinot, of the Russian army.

And a view of the Nunnery at Himalaya, the largest in the world.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

Before the entry of the allied fleets into the Black Sea, the Russian cruisers were constantly making observations upon the coast. They became entirely disappeared.

The Empress of France, having been recommended by her physicians to exercise, has a pair of dance arranged with wheels, and on these she skims about on the polished floors of the Tuileries.

It is stated that the annual amount of paper money put into circulation in the Russian Empire to defray the expenses of the war, will be eight millions sterling.

Lloyd's London Record estimates that "every day a ship is lost" while the New York Herald Journal says, "On an average, there are seven steamers daily." Quite a difference!

The Prussians are pretty well off, it seems. In a population of sixteen and a half millions, there are only about half a million paupers, which is a small proportion, after all things now.

The London Times, referring to the neutrality position sought to be maintained by Austria, remarks that "Austria is essentially a Power of peace, and cannot be maintained in the coming struggle."

Queen Victoria at the opening of parliament was attired in a splendid dress of silver tissue, over which was a robe of Brussels velvet, ornamented with gold lace and ermine, and she wore a brilliant display of pearls and diamonds.

In London there are one hundred and twenty ragged schools, which train nearly fourteen thousand scholars, taught by two hundred and twenty-one paid, and eighteen hundred voluntary teachers.

Mr. Gough, the temperance speaker, commences an autumn lecture audience in England. He lectured recently to an assembly of two thousand persons in Sheffield. He has received fifteen from one hundred and twenty-one places, for his oratorical services.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

She half concerns who silently denies.—*Cold.*
It is easy to criticise, but better to play.—*Abbot.*
How use doth breed a habit in a man.—*Shakespeare.*
She most attracts who longest can refuse.—*James Hill.*
Men dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake!—*Young.*
To learn thy faults from thyself is worth more than to learn them from others.—*Eastern Proverb.*
Love is the great enlarger of the heart.—*Young.*
The over-curious are over-wise.—*Montaigne.*
The narrow soul knows not the godlike glory of forgiving.—*Young.*
There is as much of the glare and grief of life concerned with the stage, that it fills me with most solemn thoughts.—*Henry Giles.*
Thirty years of life well improved away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.—*Bonnell.*
Esteem cannot be where there is no confidence; and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.—*Henry Giles.*
If we rankle our passions, it is more through pride than passion, that from our strength.—*Rochefoucald.*
That man that has a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman.—*Shakespeare.*
I do not love much ceremony; calm is love should not, like suits in law, be reched from term to term.—*Shirley.*

Joker's Budget.

The man who was "filled with emotion," was unable to make room for any dinner.

The lady who fainted at a love-feed truth, had her senses restored by a false-hood.

The driver who hitched his horse to a "post of honor," found it didn't hold the animal very well.

"What are political platforms?" said an old lady. "I said her worst half," they are platform scales where they weigh Presidents."

"I will never marry a woman who can't drive," said Brown. "Why not?" inquired his friend. "Because she would not be a lady-mare for me."

The artist who is painting a landscape on a large canvas, intends to have a friend with a wood from some of the logs rolled by the politicians.

A genius out west has just patented a machine for making sweet potatoes. He is a brother to the old gentleman who put handles on prickly-pears, and sold them for cherry canes.

The Rangoon Sentinel records the accidental death of a young lady of that town, and adds: "She is representing as having died *unmarried*, *considering her circumstances*."

If mankind were required to give a reason for every utterance, what a quiet, peaceful world we should have! Gentlemen are like Lucifer matches, they strike off briskly and go out suddenly.

A pupil of the same normal school, at Topsfield, Mi., became she ran away from school and entered matrimony, was formally discharged by the board of instruction on the ground of rash conduct.

The best concentrator of the season is the following:—What is the difference between an attempted homicide and a Cincinnati hog butcher? One is assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt.

Guild and Scissors.

It is stated that Mr. Geo. Law is rapidly disposing of the 200,000 guns he more years since purchased of the government, and is getting for them quadruple the sum he paid for them. The demand from abroad for American manufactured muskets, and other fire-arms, is represented to be far greater than the supply.

Throughout New England a great demand for ship timber has arisen, and ship builders have sent agents into various quarters, to visit the forests, and select what timber may be available. This has added to the value of timber and timber lands, and promises to bring to make away with all of our best timber.

The alleged frauds committed upon the post-office by Gen. Ford, Judge Vanderzwith, and Alderman Kraus, of Lancaster, Pa., have extended over a space of fifteen years, and the amounts drawn during that period, from the U. S. Treasury, is nearly $30,000.

Two dogs exhibiting symptoms of hydrophobia, were killed in Agawam, Mass., a few days since. They are supposed to have been bitten by the mad dog that made its appearance there several weeks ago, and bit many dogs and two children.

It is stated that John B. Gough is now giving his exhibitions of temperance oratory on an association in Scotland. He receives £250, or in round numbers $1200 a month, for his dramatic outpourings on the platform; yes he patrons are drawing large profits.

A large bear, weighing about four hundred pounds, was killed in Granger, Me., a few days since. They are supposed to have been bitten by the mad dog that made its appearance there several weeks ago, and bit many dogs and two children.

A sad accident occurred at Ogdensburg. Several men were engaged excavating a bank of earth, when suddenly the whole side of the pile of earth were instantly killed, and a third had his thigh broken and otherwise injured. A horse was also killed.

The ladies of South Carolina have formed a "Calhoun Monument Association" for the purpose of erecting a suitable and appropriate to erect a monument to the memory of that statesman.

Mahomet the Great cut off his beloved mistress' head with a single excited for that purpose, to convince his soldiers that he was not afraid to fight for his love to his glory.

The Times says that a dwelling house in Bathurst, New Brunswick, was destroyed by fire. It was occupied by a French family, and four children were burned in the flames.

About two weeks since at the dwelling of Mr. Harvey of Baldwin county, Ga., was consumed by fire, together with the wife and infant, only three weeks old.

Mr. Ellis Gray, who has recently returned from Liberia, says the Sabbath is kept with singular strictness, and the churches are crowded with worshipping congregations.

More freight is suffered to the Western (Canada) Railway Company than can be able to transport. The daily receipts on this road are upwards of $2000.

Such is the rapid diminution of the population of the Sandwich Islands that it is believed the present census will see pure over 70,000 inhabitants. There are now 80,000.

A serious question has arisen as to whether St. Paul advised the taking of a little wine for the stomach's sake or the drinking of it.

The Custom House valuation of the cigars imported into the United States last year, was $8,311,835.

Trees have been held to bail in Pittsburgh, charged with sending obscene valentines to a lady.

George W. Kellogg, a young gentleman of respectable standing in Suffolk, has been arrested for forgery, and is in jail in default of $5,000.

Literary women (says Jenkins) remind him of beautiful flowers, that have been gathered and dried between sheets of blotting paper.—*Punch.*

The University of Alabama now contains 168 students.

In every 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life.

The average of human life is only about 38 years. Only one in ten reaches 70.

Men make their chief sacrifices to love before they have learned to appreciate its value.

What ancient sage was the inventor of dancing? Ly sic.

Sixty slips made between Calcutta and Boston.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Silas B. Gage to Miss Mary Ann Bell.
By Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Josiah Wilton to Miss Caroline A. Bell.
By Rev. Mr. Brewster, Mr. Henry B. Bell to Miss Maria Bell.
By Rev. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. George W. Cross to Miss Charlotte Chamberlain.
By Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. A. S. Wheeler to Miss Lucy J. Sumner.
By Rev. Mr. Bailliett, Mr. Joseph Reed to Miss Caroline Bell.
In Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Joseph G. Kenrick to Miss Mary Ann Bell.
In Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. William H. Vinal to Miss Sarah Ann Bell.
In Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Thurston, Mr. Rees Bowen to Miss Caroline Augusta Bell.
In Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hedding, Mr. Thomas Bell to Miss Phebe J. Bean.
In Salem, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. John Winfield to Miss Ann Bell.
In Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Alphonso Mason to Miss Lucy Ann Bell.
In Andover, by Rev. Mr. Dyall, Mr. Thompson C. Macomber to Miss Mary Bell.
In Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Julius P. Conant to Miss Mary Ann Bell.
In Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Joseph Bell to Miss Sarah S. Daley.
In Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Wade, Mr. Harvey Hatch to Miss Elizabeth Chapman.
In Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Horace Merrick to Miss Emily Bell.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Lydia Gibson, 23; Mrs. Sarah Ann Bell, 27; Mrs. Mary Bell, 42; Mr. John Carter, Jr., 23; Captain Newell Gouldsbury, 45; Mrs. Mary Ann Bell, 27; Mrs. Mary Ann Bell, 27; Mrs. Susan J. Hewett, 23; Mr. Rashel F. Mason, 35.
In Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Joseph G. Kenrick to Miss Mary Ann Bell.
In Dorchester, Mr. Mary M. Howe, 34; Mrs. Caroline A. Bell, 27.
In Roxbury, Mrs. Isabella Partridge, 24.
In Salem, Mrs. Ann Bell, 27; Mrs. Mary Bell, 30.
At Charlestown, Mr. Joseph S. Robinson, Esq., 72.
At Marlboro', Vt., Mr. Lyman Brown, 80.
At Northboro', Vt., Mrs. Anna Farrar, 70.
At Portland, Me., Mr. John Todd, 73.
At New York, Mrs. Mr. Adams, Mr. Horace Merrick to Miss Emily Bell.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EUTHANASIA.

BY JOSEPH S. SCHEIL.

When thou for me art borne shall count
My fleeting breast, and passing days!
When the last particle of soul
Shall trembling fall, and life decays!
When one by one my powers shall fade,
And Death his victim hastes to claim,
When nature's chasms from me are gone,
Unhanded, too, the voice of Reason!

The temple, never built by hands,
Is entering to its certain fall;
And its inhabitant—the mind,
Shall struggle in its mortal thrall:
No weeping friends attendant there,
Shall bend beside my dying bed—
None care to lend—and few to cheer
Where the poor boy his life has shed!

Away with him! A lowly grave,
Unmarked, unrecked, and unknown,
Receives his dust to wither there,
Without the tribute of a stone:
Or if he have—but who to heed
By Him who bids his creatures grow,
Lord, hear thy suffering suppliant's cry,
And bid thine angel carry me also!

Count not to take the instrument's base—
Restrain each mental pang of pain;
Let desolation gently cease
And render death's dread arrow what
Our vile ear spirits, we do ask,
A calm, all lady, deep, and sweet;
Till the last struggle shall have passed,
And kindred spirits meet around.

Bring o'er my senses, in thy pow,
A dreamy, visionary viewed—
O, soft and silent let me pass
Beneath the coffin-lid and shroud!
For me no heartfelt tears be shed—
No sorrow of the worldly friend;
Unless some faithful heart should feel,
Let silence toll for me) deceased.
Till then whatever ruling ill,
Shall with her sunniest smiles o'er
The sense of woe but toward be made—
How strong away—and sound as many!

Adieu, ye days of hope and youth!
Adieu, ye memories, crowned with flowers!
Come to me, Death's both brother—sister,
And lull and nature's feeling person.
Come, sweet forgetfulness of pain,
Pain would I slumber life away;
For would I wait that fateful hour,
To me a dark and wintry day!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE YOUNG PARSON.

A TALE OF TATTLEVILLE.

BY NATHAN AMES.

Gentle reader—for such I trust you are, as every reader ought to be, or be expelled from civilized society—were you ever in the town of Tattleville? The town of Tattleville! I hear you sigh with a deprecating swell of breath, as though you thought of something which you cannot well remember. "The town of Tattleville!" yes, the town of Tattleville. Brush up your knowledge of geography; look on the map. "What map?" Tut, tut, don't be in such a hurry; haste has proved the ruin of thousands. Don't be angry, either; anger is the vice of fools, a short insanity. There now, be patient; patience is one of the noblest traits of man, rendered job immortal. Look upon the map—not the map of the world exactly, but the map relating to it—the map of New England. "Yes, well; but I don't see the town of Tattleville!" you say. Well, well, the more pity, you don't look where it is. "But it isn't here!" Well, then, you can't expect to see it, if it isn't there; of course, you can't. And now, what is the use trying to see what can't be seen? Is Boston on your map? "Is it." Augusta, Concord and Montpelier? "Yes." Providence, Newport, Hartford and New Haven? "Yes—what of it?" Well, suppose you draw a straight line from Providence to Boston; thence to New Haven; thence to Newport; and from Newport back to Augusta. "Yes." Well, that embraces, as you see, a vast extent of country. "I grant it, and that is Tattleville, is it?"

You have it, gentle reader; that is Tattle Land, the capital of which is Tattleville—the very place in which the hero of our story, the young, the handsome, the eloquent, the Rev. Luther Lovell was ordained, installed, and so forth, twenty years ago.

This village proper, and the time of which I speak, contained not far from fifteen hundred souls—that is, provided every human biped has a soul—and, it would be hard to say for the awesome place of which that portion of the State wherein it lies,—or else tradition lies—can boast. But I must not digress at the outset, lest five hundred other little villages, that bear in many respects a strong resemblance to it, should "be down upon me," in their anger, for being quite too personal in my remarks, albeit beneath the fictitious name of Tattleville. Enough to say, that Natick did her part, at least, to render it a most enchanting spot. On every side but one, gigantic hills seize like sentinels, to guard the Tattlevillian paradise. Nestled in its bosom, like a little crystal lake, reflecting on its tranquil breast the many heavens above it, soothing to infinity, and where, had we but spirit eyes, we might no doubt behold the angels flying over it. A noble river from the distant mountains, here spreads out and rests itself awhile, and then meandering slowly from the town, as if loth to leave so fair a spot, pursues peacefully its onward journey to the far off sea. Such is Tattleville—place

"Where every prospect pleads,
And only man is vile."

Heaven forbid that I should slander Tattleville, or intimate in any manner that the most respectable, refined and Christian citizens thereof are any viler, any more inclined to tattling, than those of other towns in this our glorious old New England. Heaven forbid. But to my story.

On the resignation—he had been requested to resign—of the good old Parson Sobriety, who for more than half a century had broken the bread of life to starving souls in Tattleville—it developed of course upon the church and congregation to select another man to fill his place; and as the society was very large and wealthy, and the pastor's salary proportionately large, a number of eloquent divines, proportionally great, belonging to their most-tall pockets with them their most eloquent discourses as a sample of the barrel-full at home, presented themselves as candidates. But it was found no easy task to pluck upon a man as pleased them all. The oldest, members of the congregation, who were young when Parson Sobriety was first ordained, desired a staid, profound and venerable man; the younger portion, who had long complained of Parson Sobriety's profundity, desired a younger man, who had the power to soar as well as dive. And thus, week after week, the pulpit was supplied with strangers. At last, the hero of our story, the young, the handsome, and the truly eloquent Luther Lovell came, and saw, and conquered. His text was—"God is love." And with so much of beauty, force and fervid eloquence did he discourse upon the pleasing theme, that long before the morning service closed, many pious hearts than one were melted; more living souls than one were willing to embrace, if not the preacher's *self*, at least the glorious truth he preached—that "God is love," and vice versa, "love's a god!" So, all the rising generation were delighted with him, and the church with its fault in him.

And when, in the course of a week, the members of the society met in the vestry, "to see what measures should be adopted in reference to the settling of another pastor"—where at such meeting, the strongest sentiments were expressed in favor of giving the Rev. Mr. Lovell a call, not only by the Deacon Goodman family in town—to wit, the lawyer and the doctor—Lawyer Talston and the wealthy Dr. Doeman, both of whom had very pretty daughters—but by a good old love had not as yet converted into matrimony—but whether this had anything to do in prejudicing them in favor of the youthful parson is more than I am authorized to say—when, in addition to all this, even Deacon Goodman, who had grieved so much at the leaving Parson Sobriety, and had not eaten a hearty meal for more than twenty months in succession, was heard in pitiful candidate—who by the way was boarding with the deacon, and that very moment sat in Deacon Goodman's parlor very pleasantly engaged in conversation with the deacon's wife and his lovely daughter, Ruth—the vote was put and carried, with only one dissenting voice, in favor the Rev. Mr. Lovell to become the pastor of the church and congregation of the town of Tattleville.

And he became their pastor; was ordained and settled, and immensely popular. Every one was loud in praise of Mr. Lovell. Every Sabbath day the church was full of most attentive worshipers; every evening meeting in the vestry was actually crowded to the doors. Indeed, so deep an interest in religious matters was set loose in the Tattleville community, that Sobriety was married, nor even then. And many, many of the young and gay and worldly-minded, whose hearts the venerable pastor had not christened them had failed to reach, were melted by the glowing eloquence of him whom first and favorite text was—"God is love." And, as now the heart of the beautiful Ruth, the deacon's daughter, was the first to melt, and on the first communion day on which he administered the rite of circled, she was visibly admitted as a member of the church.

Ruth was always very beautiful and very good; but never, since the day that Parson Sobriety had christened her in his baby days, many years ago, had she appeared so good and beautiful as on that day, when standing up before the sacred altar, in the calm, she bowed her head in every article of the creed which sounded so melodious from the lips of Rev. Mr. Lovell.

Nor did the eloquent and handsome pastor ever appear so handsome and so eloquent as on that first communion day. And when, as he finished the reading of the creed, and began his eloquent eyes, so full of love and goodness, on the lovely face and up-turned, soft, blue eyes of the beautiful neophyte before him, and before he put to her the closing question—"you do this believe?" there was noticed to be a perceptible tremble to his melodious voice, and an unusual glow of crimson to his handsome face.

"O, eloquent and good young man, God bless the day that brought you hither," thought and prayed the good old deacon, as he gazed with admiration now, upon his fair and lovely daughter—now, upon the eloquent and handsome young divine. "O, may he be the means of gathering many into the fold of Tattleville, who stand in readiness to offer him not only as fair a face and good a heart as Ruth's, but even more beside and better."

"Well, who, for instance?"

"Well, for instance, Rebecca Doeman."

"Has the doctor's daughter returned from Boston, yet?"

"Why, yes; you didn't notice her. She was at church all day, and Mr. Lovell's eyes, or I am very much mistaken, turned in that direction more than once, in any case."

"And do you think that Mr. Lovell has become acquainted with her yet?"

"Acquainted with her, yes!" repeated Mrs. Talston. "They say that they are old acquaintances—met in Boston long ago; and he has been there, you know, every day this week. Rebecca plays so beautifully on the piano—and Mr. Lovell is so fond of music, and the doctor's folks are so very fond of genteel company!"

"And do you really think that Mr. Lovell's heart is engaged from that direction? Where Goodman so good as told me that his Ruth would find a second Rosa in their boarder, yet?"

"He said so?"

"Not exactly said so; I could not pump that out of him; but when I shifted the question and asked him if it wasn't so—the deacon didn't deny it."

"Well, Mr. Talston," rejoined his wife, "between you and me—I wouldn't say it out of the family—but I think that one new minister is quite too fond of making himself agreeable to all the young ladies in town. I fear that he'll little better than a fire, to make the best of it. You say that he has given Ruth to understand that he hunted to make a wife of her?"

"The deacon himself, this very afternoon, gave me to understand as much. Besides, from what I have seen myself, it certainly seems to me to look like that at any rate."

"Well, to me," rejoined his better half, "it doesn't look like that at all! Besides, I had it from the best authority to-day, that he has offered himself to Miss Rebecca Doeman, and been most graciously accepted."

"What, upon so short an acquaintance?"

"Yes for forget, I told you they became so acquainted with each other long ago in Boston, at her uncle's."

"Who told you this?"

"Mrs. Hearsay heard of it in Boston; but just returned; she told me so church to-day. And I have not the slightest doubt but that it is true."

"Poor Ruth," said Mr. Talston. "Poor Ruth! I fear, by so, she'll need all the consolations of her new profession to console her. But I believe he loves the deacon's daughter after all. Ruth's such a better wife for him than all the other girls in Tattleville together."

"Mr. Lovell is a *fool's a fool's a regular* he flirt!" said his wife. "I hope that Ruth will procure him for a breach of promise, and that it will cost him all the dower he'll get with Doctor Doeman's daughter, to settle it. I don't mean to put a stop to Fanny's going to those evening meetings any more!" said Mrs. Talston, full of righteous indignation at the rigidness seen.

"But my dear," expostulated Mr. Talston, "such vague reports may all amount to nothing."

"They should be looked into at any rate."

"Indeed like with," and if I live, to-morrow I'll bring it I will take upon myself the task of looking into it, if no one else does. I'll visit the deacon and the doctor's and Mrs. Hearsay's and between them all, if I don't find out something—all to, secret's the pity!" And she rose and kissed the room in a perfect rage of righteous indignation, to think that the Rev. Mr. Lovell had trifled with the heart of Ruth, and more, that he should choose to make a wife of Miss Rebecca Doeman rather than of one Miss Fanny Talston.

Early Monday morning, Mrs. Talston started out upon her work of love and mercy. She called at Deacon Goodman's first. Mr. Lovell and Ruth had just stepped out, after a visit to the house of a poor afflicted neighbor who was lying at no point of death.

"Where is Ruth, this morning?" asked the lawyer's wife of Mrs. Goodman.

"She and Mr. Lovell left a little while ago to make a call on Mr. Brown—poor man, they say he is but just alive."

"Mr. Lovell together then?" said Mrs. Talston, laying a peculiar stress upon the word, together.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Goodman, with a meaning smile, "they went together; Mr. Lovell is a stranger there."

"I suppose," continued Mrs. Talston, "according to all accounts, that he could not have chosen a more acceptable companion as a guide. They say that he is very fond of Ruth."

"Well, yes, he seems to take an interest in her," said Mrs. Goodman, looking very proud.

"Report is true, then? he has offered Ruth—"

He seems to be very attentive to Ruth, most certainly."

"You don't deny, then, what is said of it?"

"Mrs. Talston!" said Mrs. Goodman, "you know I never contradict my neighbors."

"You don't deny it, then; well, well, Ruth is a fortunate girl," continued Mrs. Talston, not to depart. "That is a beautiful rose—the brilliant rose, how beautiful, just budding, too; well, Mr. Lovell's taste will be sure for it, perhaps?"

"Perhaps!"

And Mrs. Talston beamed forward to the door, and departed. Here here it happened that Mrs. Doeman, Rebecca and all the children had gone, in company with the doctor, on a morning call. The nearest girl alone remained behind.

"All gone, it seems," said Mrs. Talston, with a very condescending smile.

"Yes, mam, all gone but me."

"They will be going to have a wedding here, by-an'-by?"

"Ah, they say so?"

"Yes, I understand Rebecca is engaged to Mr. Lovell. I suppose it's all the talk here?"

"Mr. Lovell is a very constant visitor, or rather has been since Rebecca came; he got acquainted with her long ago, in Boston, at her uncle's."

"Rebecca is engaged, then?"

"Well, I am not authorized to tell you for a certainty—all I know is, that Rebecca has been very busy working fine things, and marking clothes and such like."

"Ah, that is one of them, I take it?" concluded Mrs. Talston, taking up a linen handkerchief, on which "R. L." were marked. "Yes, I understand. Good morning." Departing to Mrs. Doeman when she comes. Good morning."

And the lawyer's lady left. "'R. L.'—R. L.—That must be Rebecca Lovell—the mystery's the thought, and hurried on to Mrs. Hearsay's. And she and Mrs. Hearsay talked the matter over and over, and resolved to do their best to make the matter public. And they made it public. Within two days all Tattleville had heard that the minister of Tattleville was full of indignation. Neither Ruth nor Rebecca denied the fact that Mr. Lovell had made love to them. The case was very plain. Excitement reached its highest pitch; and Tuesday night a meeting of the congregation was appointed and held in the vestry of the church; the upshot of all which was this, that a committee was chosen to wait upon the Rev. Mr. Lovell on the following day, to make inquiry into the matter at the fountain head, and if it should appear that the reverend gentleman had trifled with the heart of Ruth, and send for Rebecca's, it was very plain that he should be forthwith dismissed.

But it so happened that on Wednesday morning the Rev. Mr. Lovell was seen to enter the stagecoach for Boston, going to attend, as he professed, the "anniversaries." And then, of course, the town committee were too late. But what was their astonishment to learn that Miss Rebecca Doeman—who had but just returned from Boston—was also seen to enter the stagecoach in company with the young divine. If any one had doubts before, this settled them.

Forthwith, a committee of confiding matrons and indignant maidens visited the house of Deacon Goodman. Ruth, they found in tears, and the Rachel of all sympathy, ready to be comforted. The good old deacon alone could not believe that Mr. Lovell was a villain.

"I grant," said he, "that reports and appearances are much against him. But I cannot bring myself a yet to think that one, who really seems to be so good, can be so vile. I cannot yet believe it, and my friends, let us suspend our judgment in the matter. We all be rash in our censures. No, I cannot believe that he has trifled with Ruth—poor girl. No, no, I cannot!" and the good old deacon sighed anew.

His tears, however, added to the tears of Ruth, but served to swell the flood of indignation blighter still in Tattleville. That Mr. Lovell had trifled her and slandered her so much, the day of her admission to the church, were now her warmest friends. "Behold the man!" they cried—behold —the hypocrite, the villain, the wolf in sheep's clothing!" everybody muttered. But still the good old deacon stepped of their way, and still he returned from Boston. But Tattleville was fast, and would not wait. And Thursday morning, Mrs. Talston started for the "anniversaries" herself. She had long been in her will, consulting more exciting pleasures in Boston, and now it seemed to her that she must go. "Besides," she added, "who knows but I may find out something to make a stir with in Boston! Depend upon it, I will do my best, and forward you whatever I shall learn, as soon as possible."

The storm of odium against the pastor still increased in Tattleville. Saturday, the arrival of the mail on Saturday, it was noised abroad that Lawyer Talston had received a letter from his wife, containing some exciting disclosures in regard to Mr. Lovell and Rebecca, nothing would suffice the indignant citizens, but they should hear the letter read in public.

And accordingly, a meeting of the church and congregation was appointed on that very evening. And, as may well be supposed, it was crowded meeting. The deacon's and the doctor's families were most absent. Lawyer Talston was the only people in the town who held their peace amid the general din of impressions against the absent pastor. The meeting was in deep grief of the one, and the deep joy of the other, was the cause of this, is more than I can say—about probably it was. Excessive grief or joy is seldom loud; and they, who feel the most express the least.

The meeting came together, at an early hour. Lawyer Talston was elected chairman, and commenced the exercises of the evening, by drawing from his pocket—and reading to the keen listeners, the following insensely interesting letter from his wife:

"Dear Husband:—My worst suspicions have been more than realized. Not only has Mr. Lovell been seen with Rebecca repeatedly, but he has been with her nearly all day, and in the streets with her, and on the common, evenings with her—I saw them there myself—and even in the theatre! Mr. Lovell and Rebecca have been seen together at the *theatre!* I believe myself, that he is a most consummate villain, hypocrite and scoundrel. You must look to the deacon all of I write. Congratulate affected Ruth, on having escaped the clutches of a fiend for life! Excuse my brevity, I write in great haste—the post will start directly.

Your affectionate wife,

Lucretia Talston."

"Well, gentlemen, you have heard the letter," said the chairman, taking off his spectacles, "what is your pleasure?" meaning the chairman, "what action shall be taken?"

"Mr. Chairman," rose a solemn voice from the further corner, "I rose to read to you the voice of Mr. Bigman, representative of Tattleville that year."

"Mr. Chairman, I make the motion that Mr. Lovell be requested to resign the pulpit of the stadion which he has so much disgraced, and of which he has shown himself to be no longer worthy."

The vote was put and most unanimously carried—Lawyer Talston and Lawyer Talston were appointed a committee to wait upon the reverend pastor, as soon as he arrived, and inform him of his fate.

Not till late, on Saturday evening, did the Rev. Mr. Lovell arrive in Tattleville; and the committee did not consider it their duty to obstruct. Scarcely had the weary pastor finished his repast, before a knock was heard at Deacon Goodman's door, and in walked the trio in company with Mr. Bigman, entered. The deacon showed them into the room of his reverend boarder and retired. After calmly "passing the time of day" with Mr. Lovell, the lawyer proceeded to read a copy of the vote which the society had so very recently passed upon that very evening, in the vestry.

"More than this, sir," continued Mr. Talston, "it is now for me to, who are but the agents of your parishioners, to state. You have heard

their vote, and, of course, you are not ignorant of the *cause* that called it forth. It is the unanimous voice alike of your church and congregation. You must govern, sir, your actions, accordingly."

"But this is very *strange* and very *sudden!*" remarks the pastor, very calmly and very respectfully.

"Yes, it *is*," said Mr. Taleton. "And very *strange* and very *sudden* things they were that led to it. But we have discharged our duty as the agents of the society. We have nothing more to offer." And they began to leave the room.

"But when, my friends, am I to be considered as dismissed?" inquires the pastor.

"From this very moment, I take it!" answers Mr. Taleton. "Is not that the way you understand it, Mr. Bigman?"

Mr. Bigman answered that it was; and that, on no condition would the outraged citizens of Tattleville consent to hear another sermon from the Rev. Mr. Lovell.

"But I shall preach of course, to-morrow? The candid, Christian citizens of Tattleville, at least, will not refuse to hear my farewell sermon?"

"We have nothing more to say," replied the dignified committee; "our duty is discharged. We bid you, sir, good-night."

There was a consultation held that night and on the morrow morning, among the principal members of the society. Many expressed themselves decidedly against the Rev. Mr. Lovell's ever preaching in that meeting-house another word; but finally a curiosity to hear what he could say in extenuation of his most unpardonable offence, prevailed. And never was the meeting-house of Tattleville so densely crowded as it was upon that very Sabbath morning. Long before the bell had ceased to ring, the house was actually crammed.

At length the youthful pastor enters, slowly, meekly, calmly. All is still as death. He makes a short prayer; but no one rises. He reads a chapter; all eyes are fixed upon him. He reads a hymn; the choir is silent. He makes the long prayer; but no one rises. He reads another hymn; again the choir refuse to sing. Nothing daunted, however, and perfectly calm, the young pastor rises, deliberately arranges his manuscript, and reads the text:—"Gen. xxiv: 58. And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go."

He read the text and paused. Again he began to read the text a second time, as was his practice, when, lo, Rebecca herself—not Rebekah of old, the wife of Isaac—but Rebecca, the daughter of Dr. Doseman—enters, leaning on the arm of a stranger,—and yet how like the Rev. Mr. Lovell! Gentle reader, it was the Rev. Mr. Lovell's brother; they were twins. The mystery was solved.

I need not tell you that the congregation stared; that Mrs. Taleton rose and left the house, abashed; that Mr. Lovell never was so eloquent before, nor has been since (and he has preached for more than twenty years in Tattleville), as on that most eventful morning; or that the worshippers, as they reached the entry of the church, were scarcely less delighted than amazed, to see upon the bulletin-board the following publishments:

"Marriage is intended between Mr. Richard Lovell of Boston, and Miss Rebecca Doseman of Tattleville; also, between the Rev. Luther Lovell, and Miss Ruth Goodman, both of Tattleville."

COMPOUND INTEREST.

Some of the natives of Africa, although they may have little pretensions to a knowledge of mathematics in general, seem to have a very clear and comprehensive idea of the principles of compound interest. This appears from the facts stated in a report of a select committee at a British port, on the customs of a tribe in the vicinity. According to this report, if one native stole a fowl from another, the owner, if he had witnesses of the facts, would suffer the matter to rest for two or three years. He would then institute an action for damages, which are measured by this curious standard: It was in the first place calculated how many eggs these fowls would probably have laid in the course of one or two years—how many of these would have been hatched, how many of these chickens would themselves have become parents, for the period of time between the commission of the robbery and the conviction of the offender. For this imaginary wrong, damages have been given to the fullest extent, and husbands and wives, and whole families, sold to requite the owner of the fowls for his loss.—*Boston Journal.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND VOLTAIRE.

Sir Isaac Newton wrote a book upon the Prophet Daniel, and another upon the Book of Revelation; in one of which he said that, in order to fulfil certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated—namely, 1260 years—there would be a mode of travelling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of mankind would be so increased, that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, got hold of this, and said: "Now, look at the mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire! When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems that, in order to credit his fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased, that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour! The poor dotard!" exclaimed the philosophic infidel, Voltaire, in the self-complacency of his pity. But who is the dotard now?—*Rev. J. Craig.*

SMOOTHING IT OFF.

A raw down-easter was recently hired by a cabinet-maker in the city, and, like a true Yankee, managed to pass for more than he was worth. One day, the proprietor showed him a very pretty mahogany veneered bureau, and told him to "*smooth it off*," as the purchaser would call for it in the course of the morning. Shortly after, Johnny Raw made his appearance in the ware-house.

"Well, John, have you made that bureau shine well?"

"Wall, I guess it don't look bad; but 'twas a tarnal job, though. I couldn't get at it any other way, and I took the fore-plane, *and peeled the darned bark off on't!*"—*Saturday Post.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

POPPING THE QUESTION.—IN RHYME.

BY S. R. DADDOW.

I heave a sigh,
Yet can't tell why,
Though in my secret heart it lies;
Swelling—swelling—swelling!
Heigho! heigho!
'Twill burst, I know—
'Tis ever thus—forever so—
Telling—telling—telling!

Perhaps I ought—
Why should I not?
I'm sighing still—O, hang the thought!
I will! I will! I will!
My life! my light!
My day! my night!
I love thee! and, by all that's bright!
I'm sighing still—I'm sighing still.

Accept my love,
O, gentle dove!
True as the stars that shine above
I love thee! love thee! love thee!
My soul! my life!
Now dearest wife,
Through future peace, and worldly strife,
I'll love thee—love thee! love thee!

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE

KING OF MADAGASCAR.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

When a disorder becomes general, it must have its cause in the epoch which produces it, and its propagation accuses as much society which suffers from it as the men who commit it. Human passions are like those restrained waters which are always seeking the weakest side of the dyke; where you see them precipitate themselves, you may be sure that there has been fault or imprudence.

It is in this sense that the criminal history of nations has its importance; in showing us the maladies of various centuries, it makes us enter, thus to speak, into the secrets of their temperaments; for it is with mankind as with the individual; his infirmities reveal to us his vices.

Besides, we must not forget that the repeated, collective crimes, in which entire generations have become accomplices,—for we speak only of these—are always the consequence of some injustice committed. Born of despair, of revolt, or of necessity, they may avow their origin, if not their consequences, and preserve, even in their excess, a certain greatness which is not found in isolated or individual crime.

Among the numerous examples which we might bring in support of these reflections, we will quote only one, that of piracy. It is well understood that we do not speak here of those chance robberies which are practised in all ages on the seas, but of the great associations which give to these robberies the character of organization and of generality, which makes a disorder no longer the act of individuals, and becomes the expression of an epoch.

These associations may be reduced to three:

The first was that of the pirates of Cilicia, whom Pompey went to combat, and the very extent of the powers given him to that effect, prove the greatness of the danger. He succeeded in destroying them, and returned to Rome, to receive the honors of a triumph.

The second association of the same kind was that formed in the seventeenth century on the island of Tortuga. The despotism of the Romans, who wished to submit all lands to their dominion, had given birth to the corsairs of Cilicia; the despotism of the Spanish, who pretended to reign alone over the Atlantic, produced the Filibusters.

For more than a century, the conquerors of the New World treated as pirates the foreigners who dared to approach their conquest, burned their ships, destroyed their colonies, and murdered them after they had capitulated. So they inspired an implacable and general hatred. Their cruelties, unheard of in the New World, had besides placed them, so to speak, without the pale of humanity. Those which the Filibusters practised upon them appeared therefore only just reprisals, and one of the most celebrated chiefs of the latter, Montbars the Exterminator, called himself the Avenger of the Indians. This sentiment was so general, that it may be found expressed in all the books which were then written on the subject in France, England, Holland or Spain. Oexmelin even went so far as to place as the frontispiece of his History of Adventurers, an engraving, which, on one side, represented a Spaniard killing an American, with this inscription, Innocenter; and on the other, a Filibuster killing a Spaniard, with these words, *pro peccatis*; an expressive opposition which tells clearly the sentiments of the author and the manner in which he justified them.

As for the third association of pirates, although it followed closely enough that of the Filibusters, it had an entirely different cause, and was composed, almost exclusively, of English adventurers. The struggle of William of Orange against Louis XIV., was generally unfortunate for Great Britain, especially in America; so the English had recourse to every method to repair their losses and arrest the constantly increasing power of France in the New World. What they had lost during the war, they sought to regain, by piracy, during the peace. Jamaica and Barbadoes became the repairs of bandits who ruined the commerce of our colonies and made descents even on the plantations. But the number of these pirates increased, the enemy which had been abandoned to them no longer sufficed them, so that they began to attack without distinction, the vessels of all nations.

They founded at last a settlement on the Isle of Providence, and long and serious efforts on the part of the English government were necessary to destroy this power which had been originally encouraged by itself.

This last piratical association, which was the shortest and the worst organised, is not the less perhaps that which presents the most varied history. The singular biography which follows, is but one of the least episodes, and if we give it the preference over others more striking, it is because it seems to us the personification, at once sad and grotesque, of the vanity of human renown.

But in order to give this narrative, the reader must allow us to transport him to Plymouth, about the middle of August, 1693.

This great maritime city, composed of three cities, was, in the reign of William of Orange, the most important military post of Great Britain. Nevertheless, it had not yet that geometrical regularity so coveted by the men of progress on the continent, and which gives to the modern cities of England the aspect of immense chess-boards of stone blackened with smoke. Plymouth was badly built, that is to say, its quarters were destitute of the charms of the rectilinear and the graces of the perpendicular. More than one street there wound capriciously, without regard for the axiom which teaches us the shortest road; more than one house extended over the public road its stories of wood, or its carved cornices, thus depriving the passer-by, according to circumstances, of the rain or the sun; finally, the entrance to the port was disgraced by a hundred of those cabins with smoky and moss-covered roofs, before which Van Ostade would have loved to place an old woman illuminated by a ray of the setting sun, or some sailor with a wooden leg, watching the sports of his children.

This quarter was, in fact, better to paint than to visit, and its destruction would have been less regretted by the moralist than by the landscape-artist, for most of the huts which composed it, were inhabited by liquor-sellers, or the lowest class of women. It was thither that the English sailors came, on their return from distant expeditions, to lose, as they said, the taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails and of salt beef; there that they gave themselves up to excesses as prodigious as the privations which preceded them.

Now on the day when our narrative commences, the tavern of the "Peck of Silver" was echoing with joyous cries uttered by a company of young sailors and half a dozen women. Thanks to "these amiable infirmities," as the poet Dryden has called them, and to the floods of gin already poured out, the brave sailors of the Gerrges-Rooks had completely forgotten the cruel check they had just received from Tourville, and were thinking only of compensating themselves for six months of forced sobriety. Even "Rule Britannia" had given place to songs less sublime; "Old England" was dethroned for "John Barley-corn," and the liberty of the seas was for the moment abandoned to the world. The Britannic corps was drunk!

The pints had just been taken by the innkeeper to be filled for the tenth time, when a new personage entered the "Peck of Silver."

This was a man of about fifty years, pale, walking with difficulty, and whose garments announced a poverty so extreme, that even the drinkers were struck by it. The parti-colored rags which composed his costume were fastened together by twine; his worn-out shoes revealed his bare feet, and half of the brim of his battered beaver hung down over his shoulder. His hair was in disorder, his beard white and bristling, his eye brilliant with a glassy gleam, his nostrils contracted, and his lips tremulous. Meanwhile, beneath this worn-out appearance, it was easy to perceive still, in this man, traces of vigor. His features were strongly marked, his stature tall, and, notwithstanding the necessity of being careful of a costume, which the least hasty movement would have compromised, his motions had a sort of freedom which proved habitual energy.

On entering, he looked around him with a haggard air, approached a bench beside the table of the sailors, and sat down.

William Bitter, the joyous boatswain of His Majesty's ship the Dragon, raised his eyes at this moment and perceived him.

"St. George!" exclaimed he, "who comes here?"

"Some beggar from the mountains," returned the gunner Rakam, throwing over his shoulder a disdainful glance upon the new comer.

"No," resumed William, "this must be a seaman."

"Why so?"

"Do you not see that he manages his breeches like a mizzen sail, and that he has reefed them for fear of a gale of wind?"

The hilarity which this jest excited, made the stranger raise his head.

"How long have the sailors of yesterday allowed themselves to make fun of their elders?" said he, in a rough and bold tone.

Rakam turned.

"Are you indeed of the profession?" asked he, with a patronizing air.

"Enough so to distinguish a loyal sailor from a rammer of cartridges!" replied the man of rags, in that tone of scorn which the sailors of this epoch affected for all the auxiliary corps that served with them on the vessels of the king.

"By heaven he is one of ours!" gaily exclaimed Bitter. "Hullo, friend, I will talk to you no more of your manner of darning, since your skin is tender on that subject; but draw up to the table, and drink with us."

The stranger approached, and, notwithstanding the fever which made his hand tremble, took the goblet extended to him by the young boatswain.

"Come," resumed the latter, touching glasses with him, "to a better fortune, my lord, and especially to better health, for if the coat has seen its best days, it seems to me that the wearer is in pretty much the same condition."

"Steel itself wears out at last," murmured the unknown, who, after having moistened his lips with the gin, rested the goblet on the table, with a sort of disgust.

"Drink, drink, drink," resumed William; "it is only that which will revive your strength; gin is the sun of the stomach; and I will pour it out to you at discretion."

"You have then received your wages?"

"And we will spend it to the last farthing. We must indemnify ourselves for what we have suffered; after famine, plenty. Unfortunately, our purses are light; we have taken no prizes."

"What could we take from those French dogs?" said Rakam, shrugging his shoulders; "beggars who have nothing but a shirt, and who defend it as though it were lined with fine pearls! No, no, it is not in the seas of Europe that one must play the pirate."

"And you may add," said Bitter, leering at the gunner, "that it is not under the flag of King William."

"Under whose, then?" asked one of the girls.

"Under that of James Avery, my dove."

The man of rags raised his head.

"James Avery!" repeated he.

"Yes," said Rakam, "he who is called the "fortunate pirate, and on whom a comedy has been made which is to be played to-morrow; I saw the bill near the admiralty office."

"And I mean to go and see it," exclaimed Bitter; "you know the history of James Avery, my lord?"

"I think I have heard the name," said the stranger.

"James," resumed William, who was very glad to find a pretext to talk of his favorite hero, "was the boatswain of Captain Gibson, the most inveterate tippler in the royal navy. It was he who profited, some years since, by the moment when the captain was overcome with liquor, to seize the ship, and be a skimmer of the sea."

"Which was better than to run the gauntlet for the Dutch," objected Rakam, with a roguish air.

"Especially when one has the good fortune of James," resumed Bitter; "and one's first prize is a vessel laden with gold and jewels, conveying to Mecca the daughter of the Great Mogul."

"Who is now the wife of Avery," interrupted the master gunner; "for the fellow knew how to profit by the tide; he has retired to Madagascar with all his wealth, and caused himself to be acknowledged king there."

The stranger looked at him with doubt.

"Who said so?" asked he.

"Who?" repeated Rakam; "all who navigate the Indian Ocean and who have been pursued by his vessels. For King Avery has a fleet manned by crews of all nations, from the redskins of Canada, to the yellow-skins of Japan, and bearing a black flag on which is painted a skeleton, piercing a bloody heart. Peter Stoll boarded one of these ships and assured me that nothing was wanting in them, there was even a chaplain to say prayers and spice the punch. When they have made a fortunate voyage, they return to Madagascar, where Avery has built a fort, warehouses and a palace, in which he lives surrounded by black slaves, who fan him with palm leaves."

"It is the truth," resumed Bitter. "Captain Woods Rogers has seen the country which James and his pirates have subdued. To keep it in subjection, they have built in the midst of the forests, species of citadels which can be reached only through labyrinths bordered with thorny bushes, and where they govern their subjects without fear of being surprised."

"And the proof that this is not a story of the quarter-deck," added Rakam, "is that the admiralty have thought of sending a fleet to dislodge old James from his eyrie."

"Not now, master, not now," said the innkeeper, who was listening with both thumbs stuck in the waistband of his breeches; "the council has changed its opinion; William has had enough of his quarrel with the king of France; he will not meddle for the present with his new cousin of Madagascar, and unable to hang him, is about to make to him some propositions."

The stranger, who had dipped his finger in the goblet and was using it as a pencil, to trace arabesques on the oaken table, started at these last words and raised his head.

"Is this true?" said he, hastily; "who has told you so?"

"Pardieu! it is printed," returned the innkeeper; "here is the handbill given me this morning by one of the copyists of the admiralty."

Bitter, who was nearest the inn-keeper, took the paper and read it aloud. It was a royal ordinance, granting to James Avery permission to return to England and forgetfulness of the past.

"A full pardon!" exclaimed the stranger, in a transport of joy; "I accept, I accept."

All the sailors turned, uttering an exclamation of surprise.

"How! what do you say?" asked Bitter.

"I say," exclaimed the man in rags, with a laugh, "that it is I who am the master of the Indian Ocean, the son-in-law of the Great Mogul, the king of Madagascar, in fine, the 'fortunate pirate,' at this moment in want of a mattress and a pair of breeches."

This declaration caused among the sailors a general exclamation of surprise; all eyes rested on the wretch in rags, and all minds seemed to be making an effort to pass from the brilliant chimera in which they had cradled themselves, to this repulsive reality.

"James Avery," repeated they in chorus; "it is impossible. The fellow is jesting with us—this cannot be the former boatswain of Captain Gibson. What proof has he to give?"

By way of reply, the stranger took from his bosom a pocket-book of the skin of the wild boar, from which he drew a dirty and torn paper which he threw on the table. Rakam took it; it was the certificate of the birth of James Avery, bearing the seal of the parish of Biddeford, in Devonshire.

The paper passed from hand to hand, and although most of the sailors could not decipher it, all began to believe when they had cast their eyes upon it. The details given by the stranger besides, dispelled their doubts, and made them understand how the error on the true position of James Avery had originated and been circulated.

The boldness with which he had seized the vessel of Captain Gibson, on a friendly bay and in presence of other English ships, had fixed public attention upon him the more, that it was the first act of the kind which had taken place in like circumstances. The capture of the ship which contained the daughter of the Great Mogul, who, to revenge himself for this piracy, would have destroyed all the English settlements within his reach, finished to render his name popular in the ports of Great Britain. So he found himself in the case of ancient Hercules, to whom was ascribed the merit of all the great things performed by his cotemporaries; all the piracies committed in the Indian Ocean were attributed to him, and the pirates, for whom this belief was a safeguard, were careful to confirm it. The name of James Avery became a sort of phantom, behind which every one concealed his own. Wherever ships were captured, cargoes pillaged, crews abandoned on desert islands, it was by order of James Avery! Whoever assumed the trade of robber and murderer on the ocean, henceforth called himself thus; James was no longer a man, but a symbol; he was the incarnation of piracy.

Meanwhile, at the moment in which public indignation thus supposed an association between isolated crimes, and made of the ancient boatswain the Romulus of a republic of robbers, the latter had already abandoned the profession, and regained England with the gold plate and diamonds pillaged from the Arab vessel, hoping that the product of their sale would enable him to live the rest of his days "like a repentant Christian, and at his ease." But on landing at Cork, he found his name in every mouth, and learned, for the first time, what a formidable reputation he had acquired. His portrait was for sale in every fair, and the sailors chanted ballads of which he was the hero.

This unexpected celebrity frightened him. Fearing to be recognized if he remained on the coast, he buried himself in the interior, laden with his diamonds and ingots of gold which he concealed beneath his rags, but the value of which he could not realize for fear of betraying himself.

This was, by his own confession, the most miserable and most tormenting period of his whole life. By turns excited by the stings of desires and the warnings of prudence, condemned to be in want of everything with the means to obtain it, and having of riches only the anxieties, he traversed a part of Ireland, living on oaten cakes, drinking at the wells and sleeping in barns. Finally, unable to endure these miseries longer, he reached Biddeford, where he had some relatives in whom he confided, and who recommended him to a jeweller in Plymouth.

The latter took charge of the ingots and diamonds with a promise to sell them, but when, some months afterwards, the pirate went to him to claim their value, the honest citizen turned him out of doors, threatening, if he appeared there again, to denounce him to the admiralty.

It was on the very evening of this visit that James Avery presented himself, as we have said, at the tavern of the "Peck of Silver."

The sailors had listened with singular interest to his narrative, interrupted by numerous libations. Gin seemed to have increased the fever of James. As he spoke, his voice became more fitful, his ideas more confused; and, at the moment of leaving the table, it was necessary to aid him to stand. Meanwhile, his companions, themselves staggering, took this swoon for the effect of drunkenness, and left him near the office of the admiralty, after having exchanged with him a promise to meet again, the next evening, at the "Peck of Silver."

But, on the morrow, the watchmen of the port found a man extended beside the wall of the enclosure. It was the pirate, who, stupefied with illness and drunkenness, had been unable to go farther, and had laid down in the gutter to die. Above his corpse, still hung suspended to the wall, the bill of the evening's play, on which might be read, as an ironical epitaph:—*The Fortunate Pirate: or,* James Avery, *King of Madagascar.*

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL, BOUND.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NEVER DESPAIR.

BY E. P. EP.

Nothing but fairy gone fabulous and fateful;
Outrage Nature in beggar and vice.—Tupper.

When o'er thy path in life
Dark shadows fall,
When wearily and sad
Weary thy soul—
Until not despondingly
Unto God move;
What though long days of toil
End in defeat?
Fight on, and thou wilt find
Peace that best—
Work with an earnest will;
Yield not to fear;
Faint not thy sublime toil,
Never despair.

Are there not, weary hearts,
When hope has fled
And the storm darkly lowers
Over thy head?
Faint not, but cease thee,
And fearlessly draw
All powers that oppress thee,
Yet never despair.

Bid sad sorrow
Her task round thy way,
And health to convey
Thy hopes of to-day;
But faithful to labor be—
Earnest in prayer;
Blessings will come to thee,
Never despair.

Toil not for glittering dust,
Toil not for fame;
But, with unshrinking trust,
Seek a good cause.
Let virtue be the crown
Which thou wouldst wear;
And, though a world may frown,
Never despair.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TYROLESE LOVERS.

BY D. H. HEATH.

In there is a country where love is warm, and beauty most adored, it is that of the Tyrol. The sunlight portion, thereof, is environed by the lofty Alps, and is the clime of the vintage. Love and vines there reign upon an undivided throne. The characteristic of all vine-bearing regions is not love here, as it is said by travellers that of others, beauty is there in more universal, and frankness and generosity more general by almost than among those of the more frigid regions. There is a refinement in the rich companionize, the dark, lustrous eyes, the raven curls, and faultless figures of the Tyrolese, not met with in any other portion of the habitable continent. Beauty there is inherent—not artificial, and the rustic maid, who presses in the vineyard in early spring, and strips the rich fruit from the vine in summer, may boast, with all pride, of possessing as many real personal charms, in her homely apparel, as the daughter of the duke who can command thousands for the perfection of her toilet. But to the story.

Lentice and Reuben had known each other from little children. And well they might, for their fathers were tenants of the same land, whose vineyards adjoined. All their lives Lentice and Reuben had lived in the sweet spots where they were born, quite at the foot of the eastern spur of the Tyrolese Alps, on the western side, where the sun is never seen until late in the day in consequence of the height of the mountains surrounding, and whose departure, from the same cause, is hastened in evening at an early hour.

As little children, the son and daughter of the worthy vintners, were well mated; Lentice being the only child of old Karl Manzo, while Reuben was the only son of Max Bardette. Hereabout, and by giant walls, vision-bounded by the towering mountains on all sides, the youthful lovers never knew any of other world than that which they saw every day—or dreamed that beyond those cloud-capped barriers was a broad world spread out, of continents vast, of oceans expansive, beautiful cities, and other noble handiwork of God. So entirely excluded were they from all the world beside, that it was to them mysterious that any one should inhabit their little world but themselves and theirs. Such is the nature of young love. Is it blind to all save that which it would cherish.

Old Karl, the father of Lentice, had for many years been a successful vintner, and by his industry and patience was possessed of a snug little sum of money; besides, having been thereby frequently enabled to accommodate his master lord, he was held in high esteem by that nobleman. It was not strange, then, that the old man, observing his lofty importance, began to feel a little or no better than his poorer neighbor, Max Bardette, who could not boast of money to loan, nor the assured friendship of his master.

It was long after Lentice and Reuben had commented their attachment by every bond known to the ingenuity of youthful lovers, that the father of Lentice began to discover symptoms of casting the acquaintance of his more humble neighbor, and the fine, but, while he began to think now that his old friend Max was not good enough for him, so was not his son good enough for his daughter.

With these thoughts rankling in his head, he one morning opened the subject to his daughter, as they were weeding their way to the vineyard.

"I say, Lentice, daughter, you think no more of that boy over yonder, do you?" pointing in the direction where Reuben was pruning the vines.

"Why, father, have not I and Reuben always loved each other?" was her reply.

"Humph, yes; but is that any reason why you should do so always?"

"It is a reason with me, if I always find him so deserving as he is now."

"I see nought so passing attractive in him. He has a pretty face, and is a very good sort of boy, Lentice, but not the one for you."

Lentice looked up amazed, at what seemed to her such a sudden and unequivocal expose of her father's sentiments.

"But not the one for you, Lentice," mused the father, repeating his former words.

"Indeed, then, I shall never love any one else than Reuben," said Lentice.

"Tut, tut, you will yet love a dozen times, and at length, I hope marry some young nobleman," exclaimed old Karl, growing enthusiastic as his own words; "one who will be worthy of you."

"I shall never try to love any one but him," robbed the beautiful girl.

"Well, well, Lentice," said her father, seeing that she was about to fall weeping, "never mind it now, we'll talk it over again; "there now, go to your work," and he, kissing her affectionately, for he loved his daughter as a father only can.

Lentice now left her father, as he had directed, and crossed over the vine-plat, near a hedge that divided the two vineyards of Max and Karl. Through the hedge, for many a warm week of true affection and devotion been pledged, as the two lovers met unfrequently, sometimes by chance, though more often through eagerness to found themselves separated by that tangled boundary only. It had often been observed how very happy Lentice always appeared when near the hedge, because her songs were then louder and sweeter than at any other time. It was also sometimes known, that shortly after the conclusion of Lentice's song, Reuben would be seen hovering near. Their fathers both thought that the song was simply in order that, in case the ever quarter of the field the young vintner might be employed, he would know where to find his fair Lentice. Nobody, though, I am certain, would ever so unwisely accuse an artless child like Lentice.

Lentice had not long left her father, before her merry voice was heard through the clustering vines, and carolling along the sides of the mountains. For had the maiden's song been half sung, ere Reuben's cheerful face darted out from the deep foliage of the vintage, and stood out above the hedge in full view of his beloved.

Reuben's first look brought a deep glow to the cheek of Lentice, as it always did, on the occasion of having signaled her lover; but it passed off speedily, after the first sweet salutations of the morning were over, and Lentice continued with his hand over the hedge, and soon felt the soft and tiny fingers of her lover pressed within his; he clasped with fervor, and then, drawing a seat to him, and resolving himself as far over the intractable hedge as possible, while the girl on the maiden was soon pressed a dozen times to the lips of the ardent young lover.

Lentice assured him that the morning more lovely than ever; why it was, it would perhaps be difficult to determine, unless, perchance, that, interwoven with her artless thoughts, there was a melancholy sat upon her countenance, giving only an expression of greater purity, like when the snow, in the full moonlight, is seen to be gently shaded by an airy cloud, whose veil is too transparent to materially obscure the brightness. So with Lentice, whose melancholy, though but of a shade, had been induced by the words of her father. It was but natural, therefore, that she not that her parent wished to be understood as imposing an insuperable barrier to the happiness of herself and Reuben, when they should become one old enough.

"I think you are sad, this morning, Lentice," suggested Reuben, as he looked on her.

"I am, somewhat," replied the frank girl, "for my father says you are not the one for me."

"No, no, Lentice, your father said not so, did he?" eagerly inquired the youth.

"Yes, he did so; and I told him, plainly, I never could, and never would love any one but you, Reuben, and so you need not care for what he said."

"Ah, Lentice, I must care; for I know your father is becoming proud, and no doubt wishes you to marry some noble's son, or rich gentleman from Botzen."

"But I never will, Reuben; for I have loved you always, and cannot love any one but you," was the artless reply of Lentice.

"Besides," continued Reuben, "I've heard old Aunt Magdalene say she had heard from our village people declare that Lord Ronaldo's son would marry you, and that you would become a great lady."

"I don't want to become a great lady, then. Besides, I do not love Ralph; he don't look like you."

"O, my sweet Lentice, why will not your father permit us to live in happiness as we have always done since we were? Indeed, I shall die, if you are taken away from me."

"So shall I, and I never will go," replied Lentice.

At that moment old Karl came up, looking somewhat angry, and the two lovers heard the last words of the lovers' colloquy, and looked confused, and quite terror-stricken, as he ordered Lentice away to her task, and Reuben to his own, soundly for thus neglecting his father's interest, by spending his time with his daughter.

"It is time you were at work, sir, I see, getting over your childish feelings. You must know that I intend to marry her to some high station, and prefer a fine surgery, and hence you must forget her."

Reuben heard these words with anguish, but was too resolved to utter a syllable in reply to Master. And as the latter moved away, Reuben dropped a tear, and returned to his task with a heavy heart.

That things went on for two or three years, when Lentice became a young and blooming girl of eighteen, and Reuben a fair youth of about twenty. Reuben had used all his powers of persuasion with the father of Lentice, to admit his suit, but to no effect. Obstinate in his purpose, he never lost sight of the grand object of a high matrimonial engagement for his beautiful daughter. But most fortunate for Reuben, Lentice loved him, and her warm, southern heart was not to be stifled in its first love-yearnings—its early virtue of loving truly.

Meantime old Karl had become a greater favorite with his master-lord than ever, and the son of the nobleman, a youth of grace and beauty, added to nobleness of soul, was a frequent visitor at the vintner's cottage, where he always met Lentice. He was not ignorant of the feelings subsisting between the rustic lovers, but never supposed for a moment that old Karl desired to make him a rival of the neighbor's son, although rumor had thus spoken, and truly.

However, as time wore on, there seemed to be less and less prospect of the young lovers ever gaining the consent of Karl, and it became advisable, at last, to endeavor to bring matters to more potent influence to bear upon the stubborn old father, than the mere argument of love,—sentiment could by this time for more than twenty years, if he had ever experienced the sensation as all.

It was agreed between Reuben and Lentice, that, at sunset proper time, after the grape gathering, they would accompany each other to Lord Ronaldo's, and lay their whole case before him, begging him to interpose in favor of their happiness, by exercising his potent influence upon the stubborn old father.

The vine-harvest at length passed away, and on the October morning when old Karl had gone to the village, the lovers set out for the castle of Lord Ronaldo, all dressed in peasant attire, and looking like two charming divinities of affection.

Their parents heard the tale of love, with all the proofs they could give, shortly after the confession of Lentice's song, Reuben would be seen hovering near. Their fathers both thought that the song was simply in order that, in case the ever quarter of the field the young vintner might be employed, he would know where to find his fair Lentice. Nobody, though, I am certain, would ever so unwisely accuse an artless child like Lentice.

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Their parents heard the tale of love, with all the proofs they could give, and expressed what love had not gone on smoothly, and he promised them that when a favorable opportunity should offer, he would do his utmost with the stubborn old Karl to permit them to marry, and become happy. And it was no idle promise that Lord Ronaldo made, for he was one of those human men whose chief aim was to secure the happiness of others, even from effort to purchase. So dismissing the young people, they departed from the presence of their benefactor, with hearts much lighter than they carried thither.

* * * * *

It was autumn, and thick clouds hung over from the highest tops of the village, and descended above the hedge in full view of his beloved.

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Jester's Picnic.

In Virginia, the other day, a judge, in charging the grand jury, very coolly informed the gentlemen that as for indicting anybody for passing bank notes of a less denomination than one dollar (which is illegal in that State), it all nonsense. "Pretty much everybody does it," said he, "I am free to confess I do myself." This is about equal to the Hoosier judge, who sympathized a negro of petty larceny, because the lawyer in that region, was "bad enough to make any man small cent under his influence, the court itself had on one occasion stolen the landlord's spoons."

In Northern Illinois are some brothers, who officiate, as occasions offer, in the church as exhorters, or something of the kind, and flatter themselves on the peculiar spirit in which they at times enter upon their ministerial calling. On one occasion, the elder brother, in discussing at some length upon the characteristics of each, gave the following forcible illustration of his "spiritual" superiority:

"Brother George," said he, "can exhort and sing, but he can't pray. I can pray his shirt off!"

An Indian was recently brought into court in Wisconsin, charged with petty larceny, and appearance a doubt was entertained as to the propriety of allowing him to take the oath. Accordingly he was asked what the consequences would be if he should add a falsehood while under oath. The countenance of the Indian brightened a little and he replied in a solemn tone, "Well, if I tell a lie, guess I be put in jail—great white war lodge. Ramsey I die—and then I tell it again?" The witness was permitted to proceed.

A cabin-boy on board a ship, the captain of which is a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack burst crying and trembling, and said to the captain:

"Pray, sir, will you wait until I say my prayers?"

"Well, then," replied Jack, looking up, and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I'm whipping."

"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victimizing friend, "I hear you have been married to a widow."

"That was rather a "fast" specimen of Jemmy Jones," America," but you induced into trousers, who said one day, recently, to his mother:

"Father, come and get me this apple, or I'll keep rolling me head on the floor!" and sure enough, the young "chip" exclaimed:

"Father, why don't you start? I always start when you tell me!"

An Irish paper says that "Dennis Mccarthy accidentally committed suicide by taking a dose of laudanum, which he purchased for that purpose." Dennis, it is supposed, thought the drug had been heard to threaten that he would hang himself with a rope, or would blow out his brains with a dose of arsenic, the first purchased. He had enjoyed bad health for a day or two previous to his death."

In an engagement in which Louis VI., King of France, was present, a soldier of the enemy was taken prisoner. The king asked him what was his name?

"The king is taken."

"No, sir, replied Louis, lifting up his barbiaxe, with which he clave the fellow's head in two, "the king is never taken, as you have done."

The dandy is the sum total of coats, hats, vests, boots, etc. His destiny is bound up in clothes and clothes only. His value can only be estimated by the yard, cloth measure. We are puzzled to tell whether he is a female gentleman or a male lady.

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